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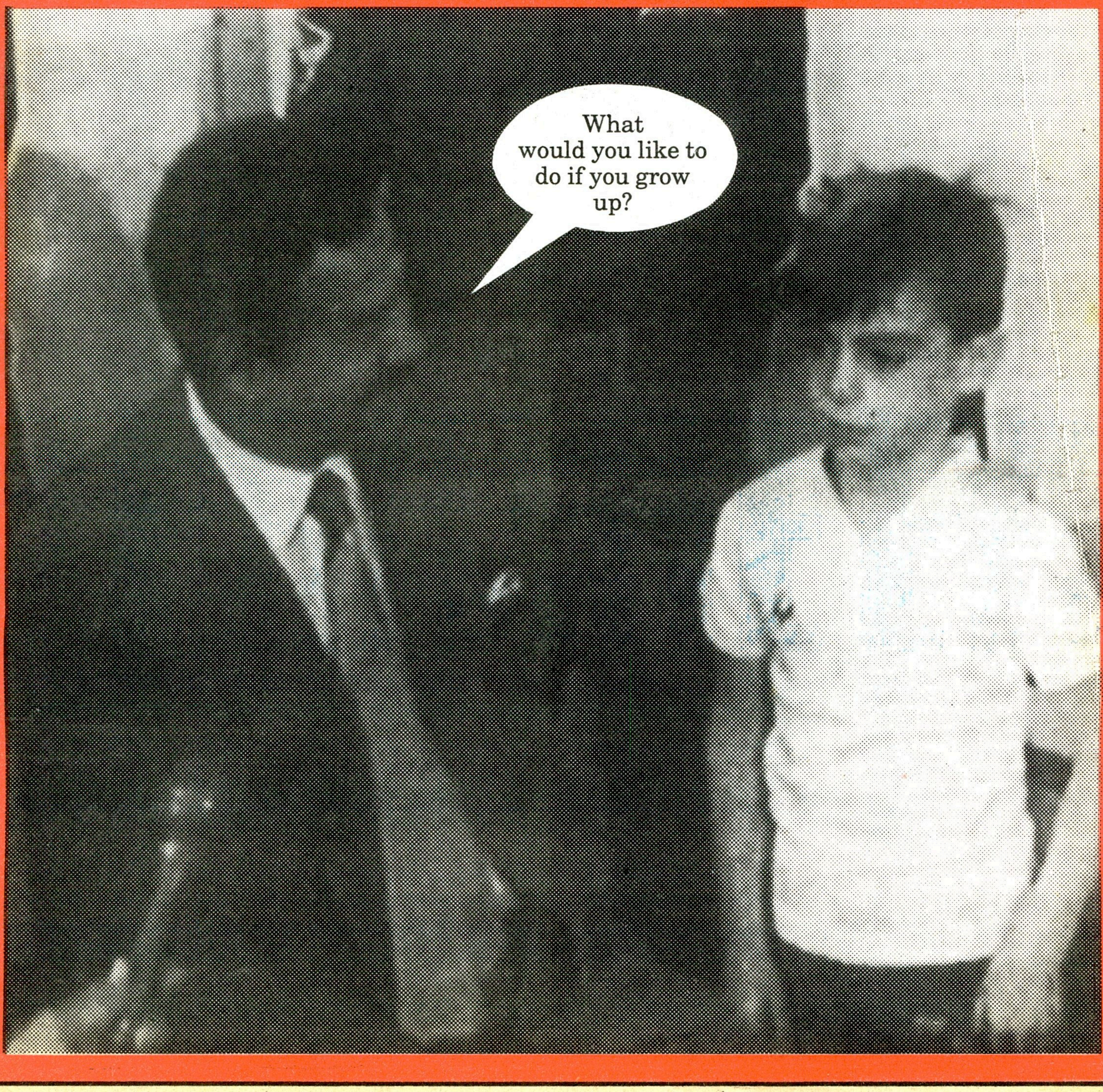

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We're talking, of course, about medium-price luxury saloons.

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The Carlton's music system includes a superb 6-speaker, 20 watts radio/cassette player.

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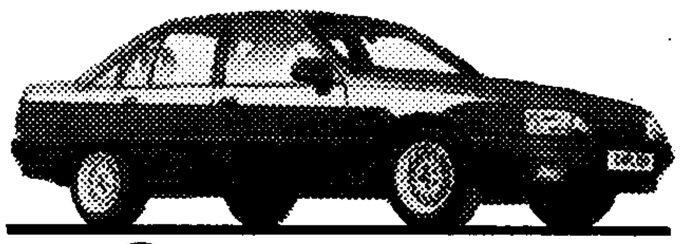

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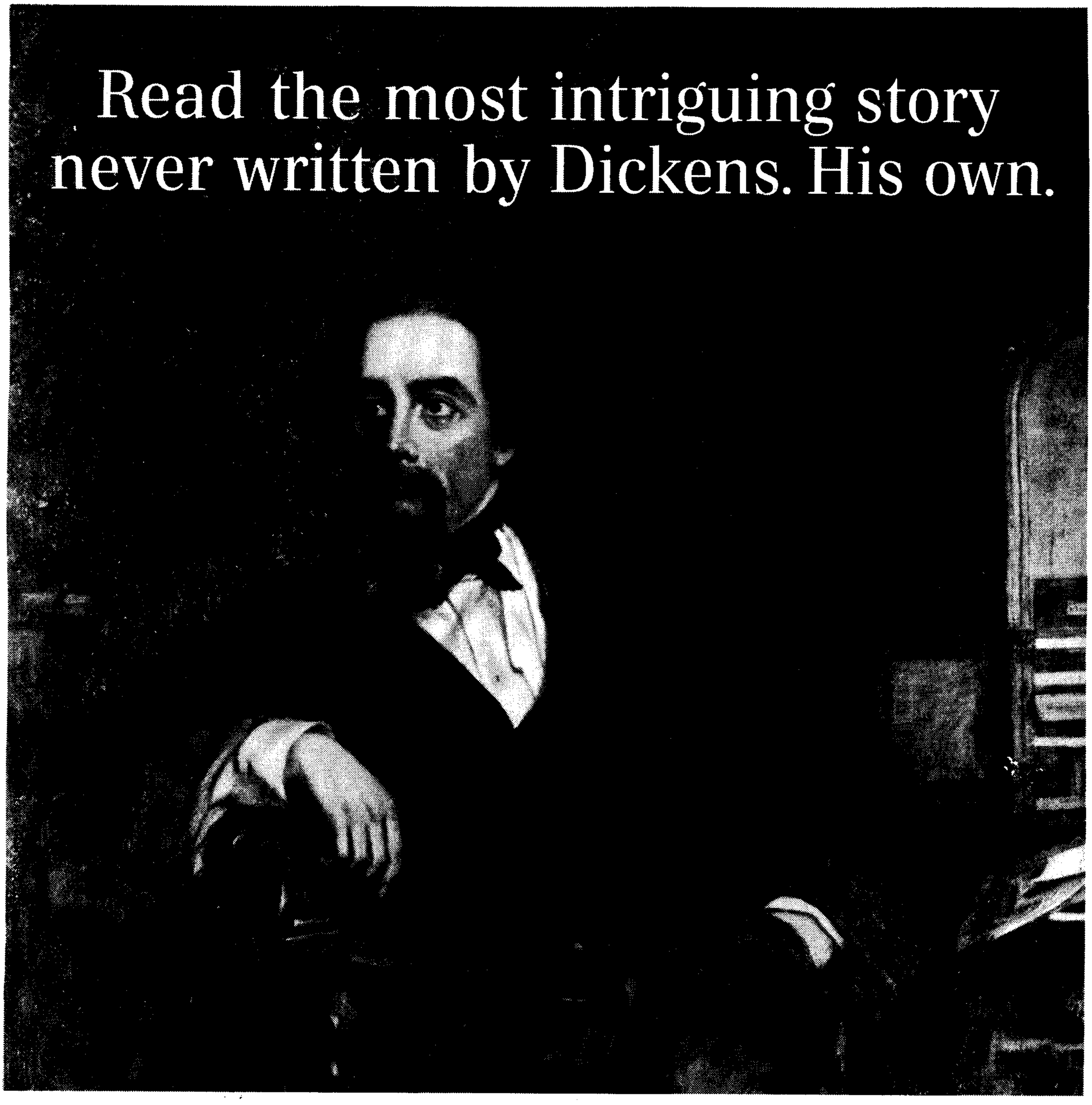

This weekend sees the start of an exclusive 4-part serialisation of 'Dickens', the fascinating new biography by Peter Ackroyd.

To give a flavour of this major book The Daily and Sunday Telegraph are publishing extracts on September 1, 2, 8 and 9.

Starting with Dickens' strange and lonely childhood, which set the pattern for the facts and fiction in his life, we move on to his journey to Yorkshire. Read how he became 'bent on destroying' the brutal schools he found there, whose horrors he so skilfully exposed through the pages of 'Nicholas Nickleby.'

In middle age, ever-conscious of death, Dickens became besotted with the young Ellen Ternan. What was to be her effect on the great writer during their mysterious affair?

Lastly, read how Oliver Twist's Nancy, whose murder Dickens enacted in public performances, finally killed him.

'Dickens' is truly a masterpiece. And you can read it only in The Daily and Sunday Telegraph.

The Daily Telegraph

The Sunday Telegraph

Gnome

I HAVE just returned from a stimulating week in Edinburgh at the annual television festival.

This is now such an important industry event that I had no choice but to move into a suite at the Hotel Uganda on the Royal Mile for the whole week. My personal assistant Ms Rita Chevrolet was also obliged to relocate herself to this venue to cope with the additional workload.

Her presence was invaluable in organising what is an impossibly hectic schedule for a media professional like myself.

In the course of the Festival I had to attend 17 lunch meetings, 23 receptions, 33 drinks parties and a staggering 40 dinners. All in five days.

When you add to this the numerous "informal gatherings" that are so vital to the efficient functioning of the television industry, then you begin to realise just how demanding this line of business really is.

I was sadly left with no time to attend the fringe "debates" that had been arranged for the less busy delegates, but Ms Chevrolet kindly provided me with a shortlist.

1. Should the BBC be scrapped?
2. Should ITV franchises go to the highest bidder?
3. Should there be quality control?
4. Should news programmes reflect the government's views?

Since the answers are so obvious, it is just as well that I stuck to the main agenda at the Festival rather than indulging in such entertaining sidelines.

They are:

1. Yes.
2. Yes.
3. No.
4. Yes.

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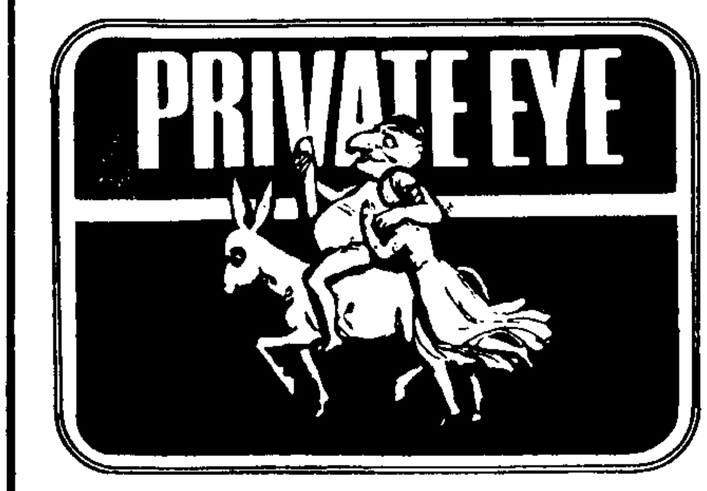


COLOUR SECTION

THE staggering hypocrisy of the Government, opposition and Very Important People everywhere in the Gulf crisis knows no bounds.

Only a year ago Saddam Hussein was the darling of the Foreign Office and was feted as the heroic conqueror of the Iranian mullahs. Though it pretended to be neutral in the Iran-Iraq war, the Foreign Office (like the US State Department) unequivocally supported Iraq.

As the unfortunate Sir Hal Miller, Tory MP for Bromsgrove, found to his cost when he tried to report a firm in his constituency for selling guns dressed up as pipelines to Iraq, the FO and Ministry of Defence gave their tacit support to any amount of arms which might end up in the hands of Saddam the Great Liberator.

Nor were the governments of Britain and the United States in the least bit impressed by the complaints in 1988 that the rebellious Kurds in northern Iraq had been massacred in their thousands with chemical weapons. After all, had not some, at least, if not most of those same weapons been exported from Britain?

Again and again the Kurds, many of whom fled to Britain seeking asylum from Iraq, tried to get the appalling pictures of their savaged villages published in the media. They had no success. Instead the Home Office (under the present foreign secretary, Douglas Hurd) instituted a campaign to turn back all Kurds — either to the brutal regime in Turkey, which was then hand in blouse with the Butcher of Baghdad, or to Iraq itself.

When the Iraq-Iran war was over the Foreign Office threw its considerable influence in the Middle East behind "rebuilding brave Iraq". As the *Eye* reported, the number of trade delegations, especially from the West Midlands, doubled and redoubled. When Farzad Bazoft was murdered by the Saddam regime, the British Government did everything in its power to "play down the significance of the execution". MI6 and MI5 (whose "intelligence" reports on the Iraqi invasion of Kuwait had concluded that it could never happen) joined forces to smear Bazoft in the gutter press.

Now the same intelligence morons appear on television to "explain" their former hero's "psychopathic illusions". Newscasters — from Sir Alastair Burnet to Jeremy Paxman — fall over themselves to talk to the forgotten Kurds (and to show the most grisly pictures possible) and Bazoft, the former petty thief and gunman, is a fearless investigative reporter once more.

RADAR boffins at Thorn EMI will be keeping an extra close eye on events in the Gulf.

They will want to know that all the effort they put into training six senior Iraqi army officers earlier this year in the use of Thorn EMI's Cymbeline radar system — it has no peacetime use whatsoever — has paid off.

As the company boasts in its *Radar's Digest* house magazine, issued to radar staff on 21 August, long after Our Boys had been sent to the Gulf, the army officers were "six of our most prestigious customers".

The illiterate Thorn EMI lackey whose job it was to take care of the six on their month-long course adds jauntily: "The TEE Oxford-Baghdad dictionary defines prestigious in this context Prestigious = LOADSAMONEY".

Thanks to Thorn EMI's generous hospitality, Saddam Hussein's men didn't just spend their time learning how to use military hardware that will, should the balloon go up, help kill young British and American servicemen. They were also shown the delights of Windsor Castle, the children's adventure playground at Windsor safari park and given a whistlestop tour of the Isle of Wight.

The safari park animals provided quite a talking point. Thorn EMI's entertainments officer writes: "Inspired by the noble creatures behind bars, I asked of the party do the [sic] keep pets in Iraq — 'do you have any dogs' 'yes, yes' they replied, with relish, sometimes we eat them as a treat!!"

After a spending spree in Mark's & Spencer, the Iraqis headed for home. As *Radar's Digest* put it: "...the Iraq Ambassador ensured that no trifling problems such as excess baggage would stand in the way of the brave lads [sic] triumphant homecoming, and so ended yet another chapter in the phoenix like history of Cymbeline Programme."

MEANWHILE weapons merchants from all over London have been descending on Geneva to meet Iraqi officials, loosely grouped around Saddam Hussein's half-mad brother who lives there.

The air is thick with talk of plots to sell embargoed arms and there are rumours that Iran will facilitate the movement of weapons and ammunition over its borders for profit and mischief.

All the talk of war of course allows those among the good guys who thought they were redundant to reemerge looking for budget increases.

The RAF, for instance, would like to see if its sidewinder missiles can shoot down Iraqi aircraft from six miles away. It will cost them around £1 million a shot to find out.

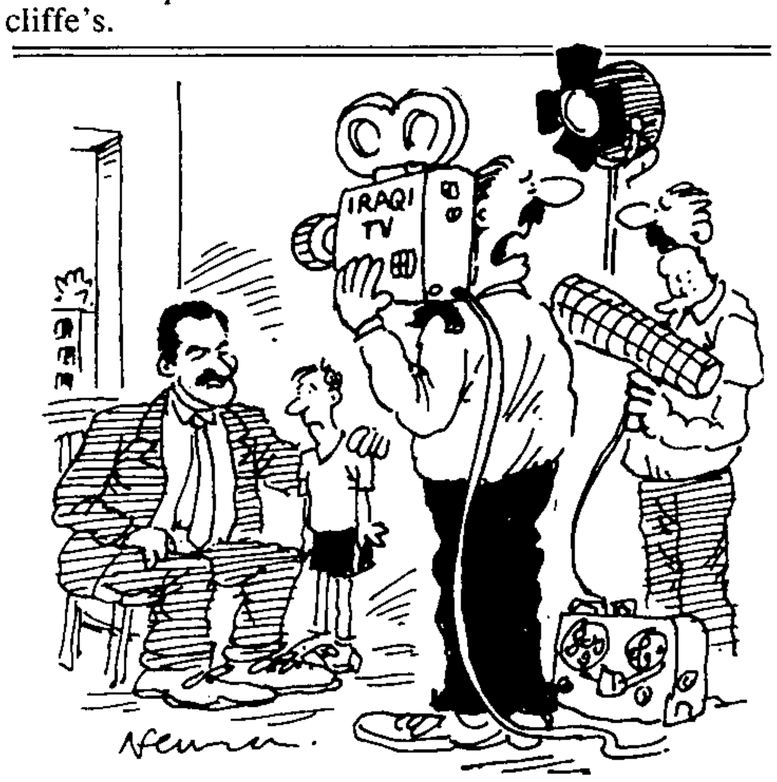
AN INTRIGUING profile of gorgeous, pouting Eileen Pembridge has appeared in the solicitors' trade mag, the *Lawyer* — Ms Pembridge of course being the solicitor who represents Mrs Sonia Sutcliffe.

One item is of particular interest: namely Ms Pembridge's castigation of the tabloid press. "The depths to which the tabloid press will sink were beyond my wildest dreams," she says.

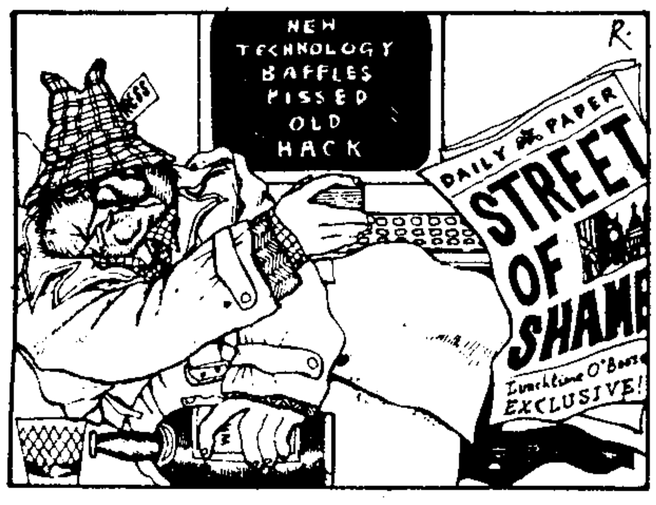
Though this may be true, it is extremely worrying that this matter should be aired at such a critical stage by Ms Pembridge. Her client, Sonia Sutcliffe, has an outstanding action against the *News of the World*, Rex Features and the journalist of the decade, Barbara Jones of the *Mail on Sunday*.

After the contempt action against *Private Eye* (initiated by Ms Pembridge on her client's behalf) and the strict interpretation of the contempt laws by their lordships, one really does have to be careful not to comment on current actions, let alone actions to which one is a party.

This seems to have escaped Ms Pembridge; but it is to be hoped that the attorney-general is as vigilant on the press's behalf as he was on Sonia Sutcliffe's.



"Never work with children and animals"



WHEN seven-year-old Gemma Lawrence was found safe and well after being snatched from her parents' holiday caravan in West Bay, Dorset, there was widespread relief — and, for once, press and police were happy with each other. "The newspapers have been wonderful," one Dorset CID officer gushed. "It's party time."

Unfortunately, every party has to have a guest who makes a fool of himself, and at this one it was Robert Skellern, a hack from Rupert Murdoch's *Sun*.

"Rodders" Skellern arrived in West Bay at noon on Sunday, 12 August, booked into the Eypes Mouth Hotel, had a fortifying lunch at the Riverside Cafe and then tumbled into a blissful sleep beneath the protective prow of the beached trawler "Peace and Plenty".

Passers-by, rushing to help in the police field-to-field search, paused to admire the immaculate cut of his grey woollen suiting as he lay there, snoring and prone.

At 6.30 he arose, refreshed, and began to do the rounds of the West Bay pubs. There are five of them: at the West Point tavern, according to witnesses, he was "going a bit"; at the George, "let's say he'd had a few"; at the West Bay Hotel. "I wouldn't have let him in if I'd known", at the Bridport Arms he stole a customer's whisky from a bench outside, drank it, and immediately fell over.

Towards 11pm, "Rodders" arrived at the swish Haddon House Hotel and bummed drinks from his fellow hacks, claiming that he was unable to change any of the £50 notes in his possession as the locals had never seen such large denominations before. At midnight, he rang Abacus cabs of Bridport, and driver Robert Bruchard was despatched to carry him back to the Eypes Mouth Hotel.

On arrival, "Rodders" produced one of his £50 notes to pay the £2.70 fare. When Mr Bruchard informed him that he had no change, the soaraway *Sun* man leaped from the cab and began to headbutt the closed door of the hotel, shouting "arseholes!" at the top of his considerable voice. The door was finally opened by the hotel's manager.

"There," said the hack to his cab driver, "this boy will pay."

"This boy will not pay," the manager corrected him. "Nor will you stay in my hotel in your present state."

At this point Skellern pronounced the hotel manager and the cabbie to be "Dorset cunts", whereupon Bruchard, wearying of it all, called the police on his taxi radio. Two officers — local men with local knowledge which could have been vital in the continuing hunt for Gemma's abductor — were diverted to deal with Rupert Murdoch's representative. The senior of the two, PC Paul Furnell of Beaminster, was informed by the purple-faced sweating *Sun* superstar that he was a fucking Dorset plod who could neither read nor write.

But PC Furnell quickly disproved this allegation when he asked "Rodders" for identification.

"There!" shouted Skellern, extracting a card from his wallet and throwing it at the constable. "I'm a member of the National Union of Journalists, you shit!"

PC Furnell studied the card. "You *were* a member of the National Union of Journalists until 1987, sir," he replied. "Of that there is no doubt. But you are no longer. You would seem to have lapsed three years ago."

This revelation did nothing to disturb Skellern's professional aplomb. His final observations — delivered at half past one in the morning to police, taxi driver, hotel manager and an assortment of guests rudely shaken from their sleep by the commotion — made the welkin ring. "You arseholes," he yelled thoughtfully, "are arseholes. I can do anything I want. The *Sun* is behind me."

As the *Sun* newsdesk commented to Gerry Gibbons, proprietor of Abacus cabs, when he rang to complain: "Oh dear."

Skellern himself is, alas, unavailable for comment. Exhausted by his labours in Dorset, he has gone on holiday.

ON 7 AUGUST the *Chatham Standard* printed a silly season non-news story headed "Sun-Lover's Sexy Shorts Get Women Workers Hot Under Collar".

It revealed that "cheeky chippy" Peter Leidig, 21, had been banned from wearing his "skimpy" shorts to work because female colleagues at the Gillingham Woodcraft factory had complained they were too sexy. "I suppose my shorts don't leave much to the imagination," Leidig boasted to the paper, "but I can't help it — it's the way I'm built." This was illustrated by a large photo of "too-sexy" Peter posing in his shorts and nothing else.

What the newspaper forgot to mention was that Peter Leidig is the boyfriend of one of its own reporters, Samantha Smith.

This is not the first journalistic stunt Leidig and Smith have cooked up together. Earlier this year the pair made £2,000 — which they promptly spent on a holiday to America — by selling the *Sun* a set of photographs apparently showing a Channel Tunnel worker asleep on duty. The pics were splashed across the Murdoch rag under the headline "Why Work When You can Have A Nap?"

Alas! In June *Hard News* revealed that the pictures were a hoax. Peter Leidig — who at the time was an administrative worker for Trans Manche Link Ltd — had set his camera on a time-lapse exposure and then lay on the ground, pretending to be asleep on the job. This enterprising couple will obviously go far.

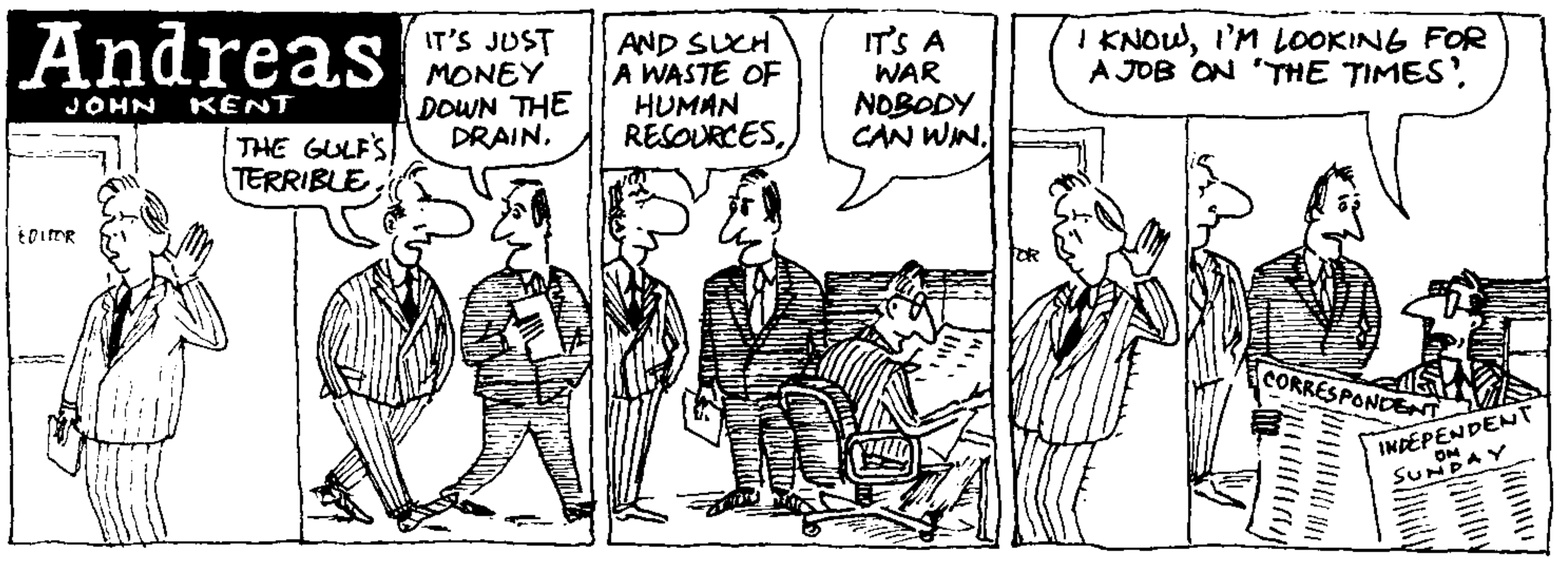
AS CAP'N Bob continues to pour millions down the drain at the *Pisspoorean*, his other titles are resorting to unconventional sources of finance to keep going.

On Saturday 18 August, the *Sunday Mirror* newsdesk needed to pay a contact £500 cash to firm up a big story it was chasing for the following day's paper.

Unfortunately, Maxwell long ago closed down the *Mirror* cashiers office and no senior manager could be found who dared to authorise the cash payment of such a huge sum in the Bouncing Czech's absence.

Just as grumbling hacks were ordered to pool cash cards for a mass raid on the NatWest dispenser opposite, someone had a better idea. A reporter was duly sent to the *Mirror* pub, the Stab-in-the-Back in New Fetter Lane, to ask if the landlord could spare the odd five hundred quid until payday.

As the Stab takes about this much an hour from the *Mirror*'s thirsty hacks, the guv'nor was able to oblige.


Andreas
JOHN KENT
EDITOR
THE GULF'S TERRIBLE.
IT'S JUST MONEY DOWN THE DRAIN.
AND SUCH A WASTE OF HUMAN RESOURCES.
IT'S A WAR NOBODY CAN WIN.
I KNOW, I'M LOOKING FOR A JOB ON 'THE TIMES'.
CORRESPONDENT
INDEPENDENT ON SUNDAY

THE *Observer*'s new news editor, Paul Routledge, is being driven to increasingly desperate measures to fill the gaps left each week by the axing of six reporters' jobs.

He recently dug out all the job applications from aspiring regional hacks who want to move "up" to the *Observer* and then rang them to ask for their story ideas.

"If you want a desk for the day just come in — we've got plenty spare," he was heard to tell them.

THE *Sunset Times* carried an absurd item in its first edition on 29 July claiming that nurse Daphne Parrish's release from an Iraqi prison was due to a secret arms deal bewteen Britain and Iraq.

This ludicrous assertion, with its non-sourced "intelligence and defence officials", was quickly and rightly dropped. But why did the *Sunset Times*'s Washington reporter Mark Hosenball write such drivel in the first place?

The tame Hosenball had been fed the line by the Americans, who for some time before the Gulf crisis blew up were very unhappy that technology was being supplied to Saddam Hussein. By regurgitating the line Hosenball was only doing what the Yanks call "payin' his dues". And he has a lot to pay.

For several years he has worked closely with a former US Customs officer called Bill Rudman, who has given Hosenball great assistance. And Rudman is now an under-secretary in the Department of Defense with, curiously, special responsibility for monitoring exports to countries that the US considers belligerent...

THE OPENING of the football season brings more worries for Mike Hoy, managing editor of *The Times*.

At the end of the last season he was walking through an Inter-City train when he came across a carriage in which football hooligans were ripping out seats and generally running amok. As he beat a hasty retreat, he noticed that one of the most energetic of the vandals looked familiar. It was, in fact, one of his own sub-editors from *The Times*.

We must hope that the new regime of Simon Jenkins will prevent any repetition of such behaviour.

ANDREAS Whittam Strobes has circulated staff at the *Indescribablyboring* with a long "attitude survey".

"As the company has expanded," he explains in a covering letter, "it has become increasingly difficult for the directors to keep closely in touch with the views of people working here... We need to understand better what things we do well and what things we need to improve upon."

Hacks are therefore asked to rate certain "aspects of working life" at the *Indie* on a scale ranging from a "very satisfactory" to "very unsatisfactory": these include "canteen food, trolley food, furniture, lighting, temperature control, decoration" and — Heathco would be proud of them — "availability of soft drinks".

There are also rather larger questions — such as whether staff agree or disagree that "the company is less enjoyable to work in now than when it first started". Finally Whittam Strobes leaves half a page blank for suggestions for "making Newspaper Publishing plc a more profitable company".

The ex-saintly one says that no one will be victimised if they write abusive replies. "The questionnaire has been designed in such a way that the analysed results will not identify any individual member or small group of staff." In which case why does the first page of the questionnaire ask which department you work in, how long you have been there, how much you earn, how old you are and even what your "ethnic origin" is?

GOOD TO see that the *Sunday Express*'s pitiful coverage of the Gulf crisis is improving, if only marginally.

Hacks found it difficult to believe that the paper was not in deep financial trouble judging by the initial reporting. Robin "Moron" Morgan's paper had two foreign correspondents on the story: one in a mosque in Bradford, the other at T.E. Lawrence's grave in Dorset.

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

MANCHESTER

AFTER years of fiddling their expenses, Manchester city councillors have, in a bizarre move, slashed the size of the handouts they will in future be awarding themselves.

Every councillor will now receive a negligible £2,150 and committee chairmen a few thousand pounds more. The shock decision means that the unemployable semi-house trained political agitators who saw the expenses budget as a means of redistributing society's wealth into their own back pocket may now have to take up more laborious tasks, such as asking passers-by for loose change.

Cynics say council leader Graham Stringer personally instigated the cut after regularly failing to top the claims list since becoming leader in 1984. Last year Stringer broke the five-figure barrier with an £11,000 claim only to see it beaten by naturist-loving independent Liberal councillor Audrey Greaves who was commuting daily from Macclesfield thanks to the generous poll tax payer.

Although those councillors who hadn't been milking the system complain that the new move could take local government back 30 years to the days when only the wealthy could afford to sit on the council, the expenses budget had been grossly abused in recent years. Most to blame were peripatetic Labour members, anxious to support their ample girths, especially maverick Labour member Alf Home who walked off with £12,000 (at 1988 prices) yet still could not afford to pay for his party membership card.

MEANWHILE problems are afoot for Manchester's notorious Hulme council estate, the biggest hippie commune this side of California and the most rundown collection of deck access flats in Britain.

Since the flats were built in the late '60s, Manchester has been preparing for their demolition while still paying for their construction. But after promoting a network of vociferous tenants' groups, the council has now found that those Hulme inmates who have expressed a preference don't want to leave!

Until recently the tenants' groups were a haven for dotty pensioners and slumming students, but they have now been taken over by the city's Trotskyite rabble-rousers, led by daredevil press photographer "mad" Charlie Baker.

Thanks to Baker, Hulme tenants, in an unprecedented action, have successfully slapped an injunction on the council forbidding it to stop letting empty flats until full discussions (ie Baker's wishes) take place. The tenants fear that if the council drops Hulme from its new lettings stock the remaining tenants would feel "more and more insecure". So much for compassion for the city's growing 30,000-strong housing waiting list.

More progressive town hall elements are planning a temporary but ingenious outcome for the Hulme estate — they want it to be used as an olympic village if and when Manchester is selected to host the games.

THE FAILED Stalinists who run Manchester city council have come up with a novel way to subvert the city's acute council housing shortages — they are moving their own officers into prize town hall-owned dwellings and to hell with the 30,000-strong waiting list!

Having raised the ire of Manchester's growing Cardboard City by allowing director of works Paul Lowenburg to live in a council house while earning £27,000 from the town hall, Manchester has now extended its philanthropy to its own Ann Seex, doyenne of the city's thoroughly useless Neighbourhood Services Unit.

Seex is saving a hefty slice of her considerable salary by living in a luxurious council-owned terraced house in Coronation Street-styled Davenport Avenue in Withington, south Manchester.

Only the most hardened cynic would knock Manchester's policy of allowing recently-appointed chief officers, new to the city, to take up one of the city's 7,000 empty council properties for a few months until they can find their own place. Yet Seex has been living their for two years, her excuse being that she is finding it "impossible" to sell her West Midlands mansion!

Surprisingly, town hall housing bosses have not forced Ma Seex, until recently a Labour councillor in nearby Trafford, to take in her daughter and thereby reduce the city's massive housing waiting list with one stroke.

BIRMINGHAM

BRITAIN'S biggest white-elephant — the International Convention Centre — is to cost Birmingham's poll taxpayers another £13 million because the city council's accountants got their sums wrong again.

The ICC was originally estimated to cost about £100 million. It then rose to £121 million, then to £149 million and now it stands at a whopping £162 million.

The faceless men in the city treasurer's department say costs were bound to rise due to inflation, but fail to explain why this wasn't allowed for in the original estimates.

Cynics say the real reason is that city fathers were so keen to immortalise themselves with the project that they deliberately underestimated the costs knowing that was the only way it would get approval — and a fat grant from the European Community.

The cash crisis has left the ICC management so short of money it cannot afford enough staff to run it properly when it is handed over to the city this autumn.

A TEENAGER who robbed dozens of old people has been allowed to abscond twice by Birmingham social services child care workers.

The records say she absconded, but the reality is that staff found her too much trouble and put her in an insecure part of the children's home and then waited for her to leave — which she did within two hours.

The child had a record of absconding and soon went back to her old tricks of posing as a bogus social worker and robbing vulnerable pensioners before police caught her.

Elsewhere, the Woodsong Remand Unit at the notorious St John's Home remains closed while the department waits for staff to recover from their various injuries. Bizarre tales are emerging of the regime there. For example, when Lynn Martin, a care worker and ex-police officer, was attacked by a boy throwing plates, a senior colleague came to the rescue. Mrs Martin was amazed when the colleague started hurling plates back at the boy.

In another incident Mrs Martin's car was smashed by a boy she had reprimanded. Her colleagues did nothing to help and she had to call the police.

EAST STAFFORDSHIRE

OUR OLD friend, Staffordshire millionaire property developer James Leavesley (*Eye* 734), is in trouble again — this time over an increasingly valuable plot of land in rural Staffordshire.

Critics claim Leavesley bought the threadbare, 93-acre chunk of sheep-grazing land in Branston, near Burton-on-Trent, after a council tip-off revealed that the district plan would earmark the site for development and that planning permission would follow to build a 900-home estate there. Consequently, the value of the plot has soared from a mere £1,500 an acre as farmland to more than £100,000 an acre as a potentially lucrative building site.

Leavesley bought the Branston site at the end of 1988 from sand and gravel company ARC for an undisclosed sum. The land had previously been used as a quarry before being filled with fly ash in the early '70s. This had rendered it fit for little other than sheep grazing.

Two years ago ARC advertised for tenders to buy the plot. The sitting tenant, a farmer, duly made a £200,000 bid but was later told by ARC's company director that the owners were in negotiation with James Leavesley. Outraged, the tenant pointed out that land was usually sold to the highest bidder rather than the most renowned.

But why would a successful, go-getting property developer like Leavesley be interested in the sheep-soiled site unless it could eventually be a boon to his companies' bank balances? Local councillor Fred Smith, whose garden backs on to the site, believes the plot is completely unsuitable for the proposed housing development since it is situated between a main railway line and the A38. However, although access would only be possible via what is now a large garage complex, by coincidence Leavesley has bought that too.

This is not the first or even second time Leavesley has been found in a compromising position with East Staffs council. *Eye* readers will remember that back in February he was implicated in controversial plans to build a prison and 600 houses on one of his sites, Marchington camp, near Uttoxeter, with the Home Office stumping up half the cost of developing the local infrastructure to support the scheme. Previously Leavesley had surfaced as a director of St Modwen, the firm that bailed out the council's attempt to run Uttoxeter racecourse.

"Er... who is Jason Donovan?"

SECURITY NEWS

THE much-talked about "Barry Rider" conference on economic crime (see *Eyes passim*) was eventually held in Cambridge last month under the auspices of the International Maritime Bureau, a division of the International Chamber of Commerce.

It was attended by, among others, Kenneth Warren MP, chairman of the Commons select committee on trade and industry, but got off to a bad start due to some considerable controversy surrounding Dr Rider, one of its originators, and double invoicing expert Saul Froomkin, attorney-general of Bermuda.

Rider withdrew from the conference organisation under pressure from Eric Ellen, director of the IMB, but the damage had already been done with a substantive number of participants withdrawing.

During the conference Rider was lurking around despite promises he had given to Ellen. At the end of the conference a former magistrate's clerk and ex-copper called Bosworth-Davies stood up to make a stirring speech supporting Rider and denouncing the *Eye*.

To everyone's embarrassment he asked all those who supported Rider to stand and give him the equivalent of three cheers. Those delegates that remained sheepishly did so. The only person to stay seated was a woman — Eric Ellen's wife.

PS: The conference made a staggering loss.

Grovel

● *POOR old A.N. Wilson, who ended up having to apologise to the Guildford Four for repeating Lord Denning's barmy remarks about them in the Spectator. This was all the more galling as Wislon had tried to do the old bore a favour by leaving out his even more inflammatory remarks about police brutality in some cases. Just as with his Queen Mum piece, the attempt to help out the elderly did him no good at all...*

I AM disturbed to see that the Duchess Fergiana, the hardest-holidaying royal of them all, has been dropped into the murky waters of product endorsement.

Having "done a Princess Michael" by moving into the world of books and opened the doors of her new executive-style bungalow for an 830-page profile in *Hello* magazine, I now see Fergie's face smiling at me from a newspaper advertisement from the Florida *Globe*.

"Lose up to 30 pounds and more with FERGIE'S TEA!" screams the advert. "Sarah Ferguson — the Duchess of York — Lost 11 pounds with Bai Lin Tea. Bai Lin has worked wonders for the Duchess..."

Fergie is of course in good company. The tea was once promoted by Miss Samantha Fox, the former queen of Page 3 luvverlies, before she moved on to better things. Let us hope the duchess will do the same.

WHAT TO do about my former chum Oliver North? Poor Ollie has been reduced to scraping a living on the right-wing lecture circuit and to selling bullet-proof vests door-to-door in various South American dictatorships, but even this cannot pay off his colossal legal bills.

I now hear that the right-wing pressure group he founded, the Freedom Group, has been infiltrated and that the great patriot is providing a platform for none other than the Moonies.

Oh how are the mighty fallen...

Pseuds Corner

When I was in America I picked up on steel collar ends — no one here had them at that time. I thought they were amusing for a time, but no one else really understood them. I also wear a bolo sometimes and that gets people very upset.

MICHAEL HEATH
GQ Magazine

The reality is nearly as good. This morning I woke up at half past five and the air was spicy and the sky was blue. I went into the garden with my tea, and stretched out on the grass, and breathed deeply. I smelt dry grass, early morning and my armpit. A pleasing combination, and one to which we had better become accustomed.

It is almost midday. I am off to steam in the hammock in my wide-brimmed floppy hat.

JUDITH LIDDELL-KING
Independent

Driving in London beside Stephen Bayley in his white Audi Quattro with the four grey interlocking rings on the side. Admiring the speedometer — a read-out, not a dial — which he demonstrates can be flicked into kilometres for driving on the Continent. Smelling the Penhaligon Racquets cologne which has replaced his well-known Guerlain Vetiver. His Armani dark suit is still there. The red spectacle frames have been ousted by tortoiseshell but the Mont Blanc pen must be somewhere, because a note came confirming this meeting, on cream paper with a red 'Stephen Bayley', his big, legible writing, with its Greek 'e's sloping briskly up the page at an angle of almost ten past eight.

ANN BARR
Telegraph Magazine

Along with the men she has loved, love is a word that features frequently in Lainey's vocabulary and life. "Love theatre, love walking, love movies, love music, love pictures, colour pictures," she muses dreamily. "Love travel, love other cultures, love symbolism, gold, richness, altogether, all at once. Love new things, love challenge, love work. Want to take Irish knitwear to Mars." And if anyone can do it, Lainey can.

KATHRYN ROGERS
"In Dublin" Magazine

IDDIS: Sardine Tin Labels from Norway
The first British exhibition of this extraordinary flowering of graphic design and illustration from the Norwegian sardine industry. On display will be nearly 1000 images which show the progression from the idea to the printed label and which reflect a colourful world of famous people and places, exotic and surreal animals, royalty and social trends.

Design Museum handout

12.00 Off the Page. Playwright Trevor Griffiths talks about how success has separated him from his working class origins.

Times TV listings

CONTRIBUTORS: Anon, Michael Carlson, Nigel Pearson, Tom Mathews, Tom Davin, Charles Byrne.

£10 paid for entries

"It's a pity it's not a pose/hype ban!"

● *I AM SORRY to learn from Vanity Fair magazine that Harold Pinter has trouble with flies.*

The magazine's interview with the temperamental playwright was interrupted as he capered about his room armed with a fly-swatter, yelling: "There's an enormous bloody fly just come in. And I am definitely a fly-hater."

Pinter's fellow-playwright Simon Gray explains to Vanity Fair that "Harold conducts this intensely personal campaign against them. There is something about the presence of a fly that strikes him as deeply offensive, and an outrage. And it has to be dealt with as efficiently as possible, but with a clear manifestation of the outrage as well. I think he's surprised that other people mind less about flies than he does."

Meanwhile Pinter's wife, Lady Antonia Fraser, tells me she has suddenly become very devout again, attending Mass every day. It is all very odd.

MISFORTUNE seems to haunt my friend Cap'n Bob — particularly his Maxwell-Gorbachev Institute (or do I mean the *Gorbachev*-Maxwell Institute?) that was announced during Gorby's trip to the United States earlier this year.

Like the Great Britain-Sasakawa Foundation Maxwell set up with his shady Japanese friend, Ryoichi Sasakawa, this is intended to be a charitable organisation. Maxwell has committed himself to putting up $50 million, and Governor Perpich of Minnesota, in whose state much of Maxwell's Macmillan Inc publishing company is based, has agreed to match the sum.

However, Perpich has so far only managed to raise $1 million from the Minnesota business community and is now under strong pressure to boycott the enterprise.

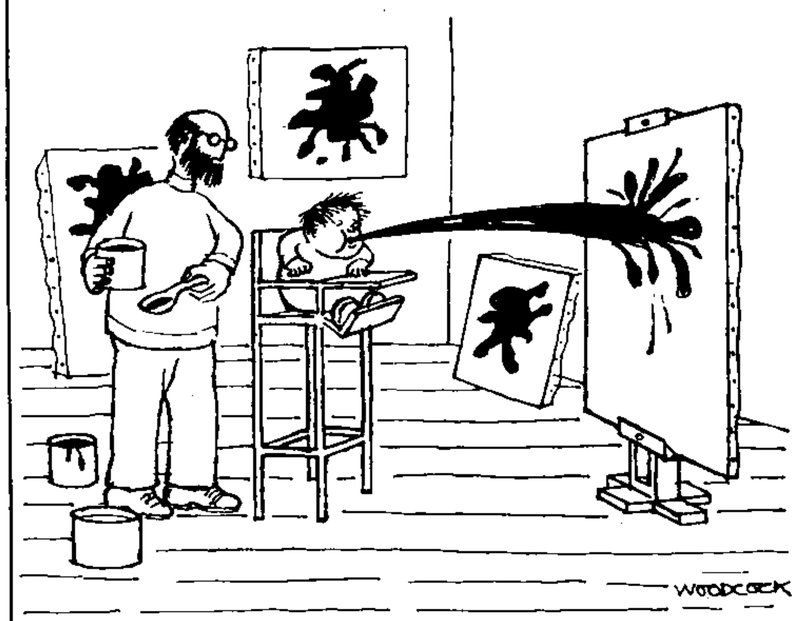
The Newspaper Guild has asked Perpich, a Democrat who relies on the organised labour movement for his support, to distance himself from the project until the Pergamon NUJ 23 have been re-instated. The 23 were sacked by Maxwell a couple of years ago after a legal 24-hour strike claiming union recognition. I doubt the Cap'n ever imagined their influence could stretch so far...

MEANWHILE I see from a recent edition of the Italian newspaper *La Reppublica* that the Cap'n's contribution to British public life has been much underestimated.

An interview with Maxwell in the paper contained the following passage: "In 1951 he became an MP, then under-secretary for the environment, and, at the end of the 50s he achieved something which, at the time, seemed like a miracle, he got rid of London's smog... and made fish return to the Thames."

Barely a word of this is true, of course, and I can't imagine where the journalist got it all from. Maxwell was elected as an MP in 1964 and a few years later he sat on a Commons committee that revised and amended the Clean Air Bill. He never attained ministerial status.

Pip Pip!



ART NEWS

IN OCTOBER 1988 friends and family of Norman Stevens, ARA, gathered at St James's Church, Piccadilly, for a memorial service to honour the painter who had died two months earlier of cancer.

Among those present were four of the surviving members of the "Bradford Mafia" — David Hockney, David Oxtoby, John Loker and Peter Kay — who, along with Stevens and an absent Mick Vaughan, had been students and childhood friends at Bradford Regional Art School in the 1950s.

During the reunion Oxtoby and Loker came up with the idea of doing something to provide Norman Stevens's widow Jean (and her two children) with greater financial security than Stevens had been able to in life.

Stevens had recently finished a limited-edition silk-screen print, as yet unpublished. The idea was simple: each of the "Bradford Mafia" would create a similarly-sized print, and the resulting limited-edition portfolio would be sold with the proceeds being used to set up a trust fund for Jean Stevens, son Luke and daughter Ruth. Everyone would donate their print free of charge and so maximise the profit.

Printer Brad Paine (of Coriander Studios, who held Stevens's last unpublished print in an edition of 40) volunteered his company's services, and Gerry Farrell of Christie's Contemporary Arts said he would market the portfolio free of commission.

Everyone set to work and progress seemed excellent. But as the prints by Oxtoby, Loker, Kay and Vaughan went through the various production stages, nothing seemed forthcoming from David Hockney. Vaughan, who lives in Los Angeles, was asked to chase him up in person but reported back that the bespectacled genius did not seem to have started work. Hockney did suggest that he could perhaps contribute one of his infamous "photocopy art" pieces, but was reminded that this undermined the idea of an edition of silk-screen works.

More months passed and all the other prints were completed. Still nothing from Hockney. The English-based artists were increasingly concerned.

The delay was finally explained one day in a casual remark by Paine, when he told Oxtoby that Hockney's contribution was being printed in the US and not in London, and that in any case delivery was contingent on "the deal between Hockney and Christie's going through OK."

"What deal?" Oxtoby asked.

It transpired that Paul Hockney, the artist's brother and accountant, had sprung a demand on Christie's for $192,000 "to cover the gift tax David will have to pay on this project".

Enquiries were made in the US to discover what this "gift tax" might be, but they did not uncover anything which a man with as sophisticated a financial organisation as Hockney could not avoid.

Still more alarming to the others was the news that Hockney intended to print 50 copies of his meisterwerk — 40 for the portfolio, the other 10 for himself. Given that similar Hockney works sell at between £10,000 and £15,000 each, these extra 10 constitute a very handy nest-egg for Bradford's most noted artist. Even if the "gift tax" does exist and Hockney pays it in full, he still stands to make a conservative £100,000 from the 10 prints he has held back. If the gift tax turns out not to be a problem after all (as those involved in the project firmly believe), he stands to make about £225,000. Compare that with the £190,000 which is the most Christie's expects to raise for the Stevens trust fund, and it becomes clear that, for Hockney, charity begins at home.

Worse, the extra costs imposed by Hockney's demands have forced up the selling price. The original idea had been to sell the portfolios at about £5,000 each, at which price it was thought that 40 customers could easily be found — thus raising about £200,000 for the Stevens family in a short time. Now Christie's is asking £11,000 per portfolio, and at that level there seem to be few takers: after three months on the market just two copies have been sold.

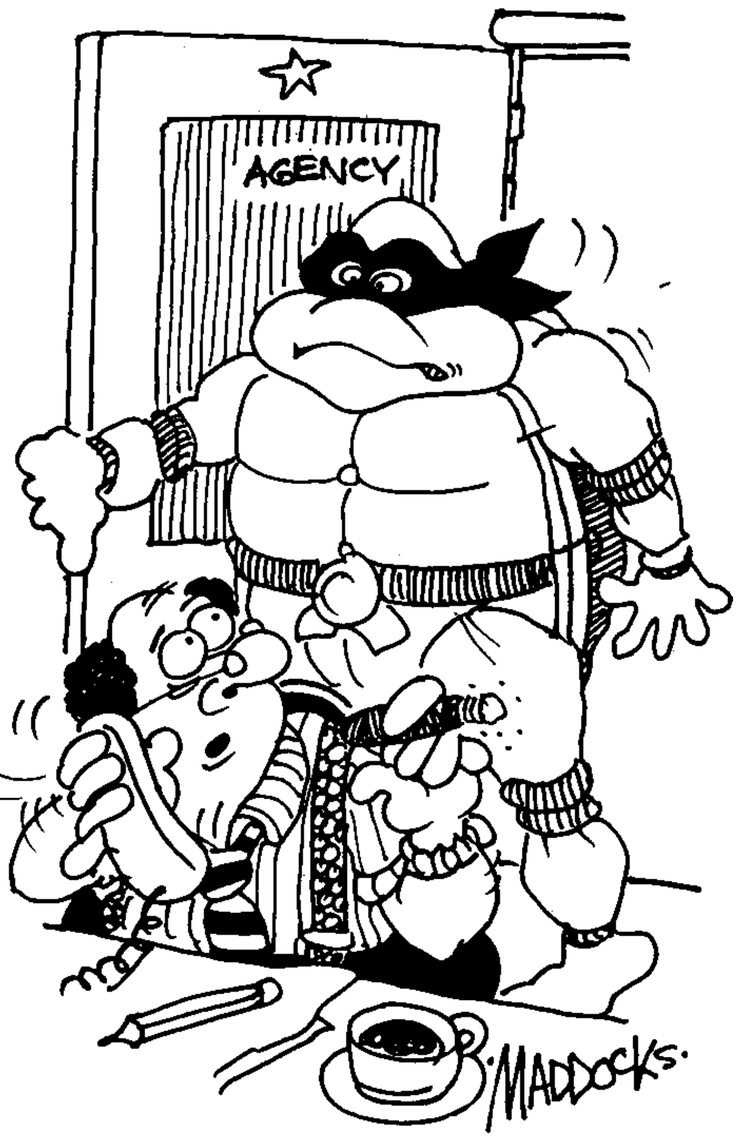
MEANWHILE Hockney's reputation for meanness has been boosted by his threat to sue Lisa Lombardi for the return of pictures she inherited from her ex-husband, Mo McDermott, who died of Aids last year.

A long-time friend and assistant to Hockney (he painted many of the "boring bits" of David's canvasses, such as sky and grass, and often had the task of transferring Hockney sketches on to canvas), McDermott was given a number of drawings and prints in lieu of payment over the years.

His marriage to Lisa Lombardi was a modern and "open" one, as befitted a bisexual member of the Hockney coterie, but although Mo and Lisa drifted apart they remained on good terms — good enough for him to leave her all his possessions when he died. David Hockney doesn't see why a mere female should own the pictures he gave Mo, and via his lawyers, has told her she must return them to him.

Two months ago Lombardi put one of her inherited paintings into a sale at Sotheby's in New York. On 21 June, less than a week before the auction, Sotheby's had a message from the Los Angeles branch of Messrs Sue, Grabbit & Runne saying that their client, David Hockney, was the true owner of the picture and that the sale must be stopped.

The painting was duly withdrawn. A fortnight ago, Hockney's lawyers finally withdrew their objection — but by then Lombardi had missed the sale. "He hasn't a leg to stand on, legally," she complained to a friend, "so he's just using harassment."



"Sorry, Jonathan — Equity insists we use real Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles!"

Sally Deedes

SINCE British Telecom has just revealed a 17 per cent jump in first quarter profits for this year, its latest cost-cutting wheeze is more than a little Scrooge-like.

Those who work from home have in the past ticked a box at the bottom of their bills if they wanted a receipted phone bill to send to the taxman. The box disappeared, but if the self-employed wrote at the bottom that they wanted a formal receipt they would get one.

Now such niceties have been done away with. British Telecom writes: "In the past British Telecom has issued receipts, on request to customers who pay their telephone bills by post even though a processed cheque or postal order, is itself, a receipt. As part of our commitment to reducing costs and increasing efficiency whilst delivering the level of service our customers demand, we have decided to discontinue this practice. In future receipts will only be issued where a stamped addressed envelope is included in with payment."

This is of course from the company that seeks to defend its forthcoming nine per cent rise in charges by claiming a continued improvement in customer services.

GIROBANK claims to offer full banking services; but a friend in Highgate, north London, would dispute this after trying to obtain travellers' cheques.

She had already tried to obtain the cheques at two post offices, but to absolutely no effect. She asked the assistants if they had ever issued them before and was not surprised to learn that they had not.

The next day her partner spent more than an hour in his local post office trying to get his own travellers' cheques. First the male assistant claimed not to have any; but when her partner asked him to check it transpired that he had more than £1,000 worth. He then said that he would have to telephone the Postmaster General to have him tell him what to do as he hadn't a clue how to issue them.

I rang Girobank to ask how many travellers cheques it issued each year and was told: "It's one of those figures we like to keep to ourselves — it's a commercially sensitive subject."

Girobank has only recently been taken over by the Alliance and Leicester Building Society "but," said another Girobank spokesman reassuringly, "this won't make any difference to the service."

What service is that?

ITV Drama

IT WAS the best of books, it was the worst of series. Last year's Granada production of *A Tale Of Two Cities* is generally cited as the first indisputable symptom of the collapse of ITV drama.

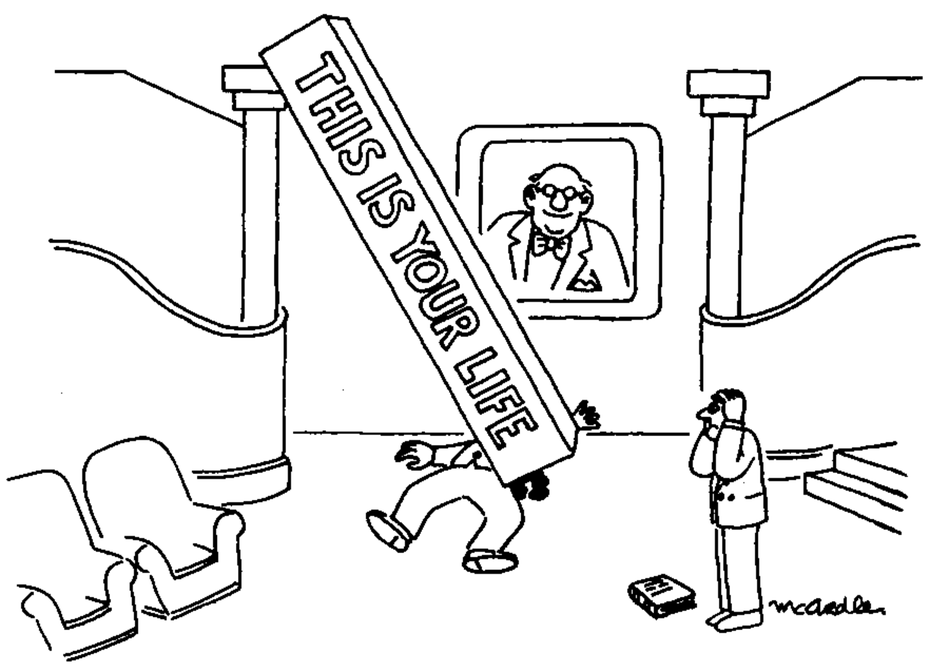
Granada, a company with a significant track record in adapting literary classics (*Bleak House, The Jewel In The Crown*), took on another big Dickens. Audiences cleared diaries and the BAFTA awards committee was put on standby.

But times had changed. The first warning bell was that the drama was being produced for transmission in 1989, 200 years after the events the book describes. It was now apparent that, in ITV, you needed a good excuse for expensive tele-literature. And this was not a straight Granada production. The French were sharing the costs, so a quantity of French actors was used, with the aim of producing a single version which could be dubbed or subtitled in reverse for each of the two producing nations and any other purchasing countries. The result was a fumbling piece of consensus culture which seriously lowered Granada's reputation for quality drama.

Watching *The Magistrate* — the recent six hours of tosh transmitted under the ITV Drama banner — we viewers realise we were let off lightly with *A Tale Of Two Cities*. The international co-production has degenerated substantially since then. To put it bluntly, the amazing thing is that the television *A Tale Of Two Cities* was set in the same two cities which the book specifies. It is astonishing, in retrospect, that the action was not relocated to Melbourne and Rome.

The Magistrate is the title of a play written by Arthur Wing Pinero in 1885. But this *Magistrate* is not that *Magistrate*. This one was written by someone called Chris Warner in about 1989. The credits for *The Magistrate* reveal that: TVS Presents A Warner Dalton Production In Association With The Australian Broadcasting Corporation and Reitalia. TVS is the present owner of an ITV franchise, Warner Dalton is an independent production company and the other two are large antipodean and European producers.

In fact, even if you hadn't read the credits, you might guess the provenance of the cash. In *The Magistrate*, Franco Nero plays Paolo Pizzi, an Italian Mafia-buster. He is searching for Sabatino, the organisation's narcotics kingpin. Pizzi cannot find him. This is because Sabatino is not in Italy.



He is in... Australia. There is a little speech about how, contrary to what the average person may believe, the Mafia is very very big in Australia. At this point, the viewer can only mutter the ancient Sicilian curse: oh, yeah, mate?

The Australians in *The Magistrate* say "mate" a lot, which is about as far as national characterisation goes. Franco Nero generally speaks in broken English: the phrase "Yorital yanquit god!" means "Your Italian is quite good!" Oddly, no one tells Franco in reply that his English is good too. The particular distinction of his performance is that he looks as if he is being dubbed but he isn't: he is speaking his own dialogue. When, however, addressing Italian characters, he spoke in livid yellow subtitles across the screen. The action was the usual incomprehensible nonsense about drugs: ITV peak-time likes narcotics plots because they offer the possibility of sordid sequences which can then be justified by final moralising about the destructive nature of the substances.

The Magistrate is tedious drivel. The television critic of the London *Evening Standard* has said, in print, that, every time Franco Nero speaks in the serial, she wants to sleep with him, but most sensible people merely want to sleep.

How has this reversal of ITV drama happened? Inevitably, the motives are financial rather than artistic. Very shortly, the ITV franchises will be reallocated. Under the new Broadcasting Act, each regional remit will go — with a vague allowance for certain exceptions to do with the quality of the programmes — to the highest bidder. Accordingly, the existing ITV companies are stockpiling cash to keep their own sealed bid as high as possible. This means that it is desirable to keep production budgets as low as possible. This is most easily achieved by getting into bed with partners, but there is no such thing as a free cash injection: take their money, get their country in the script.

It is ironic that Margaret Thatcher, no great believer in European co-operation, has effected, through her pursuit of broadcasting, the multinational schlock co-production in broadcasting.

'Square Eyes'

I-SKY

SKY dishes have Royal approval. They were spotted on the walls of Buckingham Palace and the Tower of London.

Sun

BEST telly all week? The twice-a-day **STAR TREK** repeats which Sky are beaming down!

GARRY BUSHELL
Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: D. Kelly, Janet Hemingway.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

BBC RADIO's tightfistedness is forcing reporters into ever more ludicrous attempts to appear at the cutting edge of news-gathering.

The latest victim is environment correspondent Alex Kirby who was told to cover the International Whaling Commission's recent deliberations in Holland — a crucial meeting because of renewed pressure to lift the whaling moratorium.

In 1989 Kirby was sent to the US to cover the IWC meeting and so expected no problems over a short trip to Holland — especially as every quality newspaper in Britain was sending reporters.

Instead he was told there was no money to send correspondents abroad, except in emergencies. Kirby was obliged to make frantic phone calls from Broadcasting House begging the organisers to tell him what was going on.

VISITORS to the office of John Perkins, editor of IRN (Imminently Redundant News), in Crown House, Hammersmith, will no doubt notice the award that hangs against one of the walls. Indeed, it is the only one.

Although Perkins recently flew to New York to collect it at the International Radio Festival, it wasn't for him but for two reporters, Catherine Field and George Matheson, who worked four days without sleep to cover the fall of the Berlin Wall last November.

The reporters only learned of their success when intake editor John Greenwood asked Catherine Field why she hadn't mentioned her prestigious award. The reason was simple. She hadn't even been told that she had been entered for it, let alone that she had won it. The same was true for Matheson.

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday story of Broadcasting Folk
THE ROVER'S REPEAT
" WE WANT TO SHOW WE'RE CONCERNED ABOUT OUR LITTLE WORLD...
BAR
BBC SCHEDULES
* LIFE ON ONE
NEW SERIES BY ATTENBOROUGH
* MORE PORRITT
IMPROVE THE VIEWER'S IMAGE OF THE GREEN MOVEMENT...
AND PROVE THAT ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES AREN'T BORING...
SO WE'RE AXEING DAVID ICKE!"
"Treble mueslis all round!"
Goodbye Cruel W.12
KenPyne

THE Dirty Digger's progress about his dominions is becoming increasingly royal.

On a recent visit to Sky TV he said he would need the use of an office in which to hold a brief working lunch — no small request at cash-starved Sky, where many of the staff have to work from collapsing portacabins in the car park.

Sky chiefs promptly ordered the gutting of one of their studios, together with its expensive redecoration as an office, because the Digger could not possibly descend to the levels of comfort enjoyed by his staff. Following his departure builders returned to restore his "office" to normal use.

FEARS ARE growing at BBC Radio 2 for the mental health of controller Frances Line, the fat friend of David Hatch brought in to drag the station back into the 1940s.

One of the programmes she inherited was *Behind the Crease*, a stereo musical extravaganza written by and starring Eric Idle. Growing ever more fearful as transmission day approached that the former Python's end-of-the-pier humour would offend her decaying audience, she decided to broadcast the programme in mono only — on the grounds that listeners might thereby be prevented from hearing any of the saucier quips clearly.

She also forbade continuity announcers to trail the programme and attempted to remove an accompanying feature from the *Radio Times*. Unfortunately the programme attracted not one complaint about its language — but a whole sheaf objecting to the decision not to broadcast on FM.

Will Frances Line admit her mistake? It seems unlikely as the audience research figures for the week of transmission have just been published and *Behind the Crease* has mysteriously been removed from the list.

JUST FANCY THAT

THE SCORCHING heat of the Gulf has claimed its first two casualties among British hacks covering the crisis. Anne Carr of *Today* and Ann Leslie of the *Daily Mail* were stricken on the same day with the same illness.

The symptoms are obvious to those who read both rags and show the two hackettes to be suffering from a frightening, *Total Recall*-kind of thought transference.

Carr opened her report from Dhahran, Saudi Arabia, on 21 August with the words: "You've only got nine seconds to put on your respirator, because in 10 seconds you're dead" while Leslie wrote: "You've only got nine seconds to put on your respirator, because in ten seconds you're dead!"

Hitting her stride, the second par of Leslie's first person account continued: "The respirator belonged to my Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Protection Suit and, judging by the RAF staff sergeant's patience, his withering look, I was technically dead 15 seconds ago." Uncannily, Carr's read: "The respirator belonged to my Nuclear, Biological and Chemical Protection Suit and judging by the the RAF sergeant's withering look, I was technically dead 15 seconds ago."

Leslie, feature writer of the year, then went on: "Still, I thought yesterday morning, as I struggled with the octopus straps of my respirator (which, in the event of an attack by the nerve gas, Sarin B Tadun, might save my life) this is all a bit of a game."

Carr's eyewitness account continued: "Still, I thought, as I struggled with the octopus straps of my gas mask, this is all a bit of a game."

And on and on. Thus Leslie: "I'm only a journalist, I won't *actually* have to struggle into one of these green NBC suits, even if I am flying to Dharan in Saudi Arabia, a mere 150 miles or so from the Kuwaiti border". And Carr: "I'm only a journalist, I won't actually have to struggle into a green suit — even if I am in Dhahran, 150 miles from the Kuwait border."

Doctors who analysed Carr's copy believe hacks at David Montgomery's *Tawdry* newspaper are suffering from *cut-and-pastitis* — or Princess Michael's Disease — to give it its proper medical name.

THE CALCUTT INQUIRY

IN THE LAST *Eye* the Ministry of Defence was accused of leaking a secret document to its favourite journalist, James Adams of the *Sunday Times*. In fact the top "leakers" at the MoD achieved something even more sophisticated: they appear to have leaked the contents of the secret document before it was even written.

On 5 August Adams "revealed" the gist of a report by David Calcutt QC into the Army's sacking in 1975 of their senior information officer, Colin Wallace. According to Adams, Calcutt "has found" that Wallace was unjustly dismissed for doing his job — handing out false, but allegedly secret, information to a journalist. Adams deduced that Wallace would be offered compensation of up to £50,000.

The *Eye* noted that Calcutt, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, gave his top secret report to Tom King, the defence secretary, on 30 July. The report was promptly leaked to Adams as a damage limitation exercise. Adams obligingly quoted a defence ministry spokesman saying that the Wallace affair may have been mishandled, but was the result of a "cock up, not a conspiracy".

Wallace immediately wrote to the prime minister demanding to know why the result of an inquiry about his dismissal, to which he had given evidence only a few days previously, was blazoned over the *Sunday Times* before he knew of it and before it was presented to Parliament, as Tom King had promised it would be.

Wallace has now received an astonishing reply from Archie Hamilton, the armed forces minister and the Government's chief fall guy on the Wallace affair. His letter states: "We have not yet received Mr Calcutt's conclusions. It would not be appropriate to comment about media speculation. Once Mr Calcutt's conclusions have been received, they will be considered carefully, before the Government's response is made known."

Can this mean that James Adams was entirely wrong — that he was simply guessing the result of a report which had not yet been delivered? Those who know Adams dismiss such a theory at once. Adams does not guess anything. He is incapable of guessing. He simply passes on what his sources in the MoD and MI5 tell him.

The apparent mystery is solved by the strange use of the word "conclusions" in Hamilton's letter. The fact is that the gist of the Calcutt report was given by Calcutt to King on 30 July as the *Eye* revealed. The report *did* find Wallace had been badly treated by the ministry which had appointed him to take part in "black propaganda" and had authorised him to make up bogus documents, dress them up as "restricted" and pass them on to journalists — precisely the "offence" for which he was sacked.

Calcutt promised King "detailed conclusions" later and they have only just been submitted. But Hamilton's letter to Wallace expresses an even more cynical state of affairs than hitherto seemed possible. What was leaked was not a full report, printed and for everyone to see, but a summary of the gist of what Calcutt had concluded which was passed on verbally to the secretary of state. In short, the leak must have come from very high up indeed.

Legal note: Sarah Tisdall got six months for leaking a confidential document from the MoD to a newspaper. Will Sir Michael Quinlan, permanent secretary at the MoD, set up an inquiry to find out who leaked a far more substantial confidential document to James Adams — before the document was even submitted? Or is it only a criminal offence to leak secret information which damages the MoD?

HUNT NEWS

IN *EYE* 744 we reported that Mrs Gertrude Cowling, a hunt saboteur, was suing David Parker, the former Master of the Clifton-on-Teme Foxhounds, for civil assault.

The case was originally listed to go before the registrar at Worcester County Court, but after a threatening letter was sent to the registrar, purporting to come from someone sympathetic to the hunt saboteurs' cause, the case was listed to go before a judge.

When the case was heard, Parker's barrister suggested that Mrs Cowling's allegation against his client was unfounded and that she was motivated purely by a thirst for publicity, citing our item in the *Eye* for example.

However, the judge found in favour of Mrs Cowling and granted her the £100 sum of damages she had claimed. Parker's reaction to the result, as conveyed to the local newspaper, was curious. "She was advocating violence which she did on a number of times [sic]. It really is going to make the situation far more difficult." Mrs Cowling, understandably, thought this a bit rich coming from a man who had denied violence against her but had been found by the judge to have been violent.

In a letter to the *Eye*, Mrs Cowling states that her confidence in the judiciary has been "restored somewhat". She urges other hunt saboteurs not to "be afraid, where the evidence is available, to take civil proceedings for damages. You do need medical evidence, and photos help. Evidence is the key factor and should be obtained as early as possible."

Since her court victory, Mrs Cowling has received a threatening letter from an anonymous hunt sympathiser who says: "If I had been the huntsman I would have draged [sic] you round on the end of the whip and choked you." She has passed the letter to the police.

MUSEUM NEWS

LAST SUMMER a freelance photographic writer, Kate Salway, produced a manuscript about the photographer Madame Yevonde. She was approached by the National Portrait Gallery (NPG), which was planning an exhibition of Madame Yevonde's work, about the possibility of publishing it.

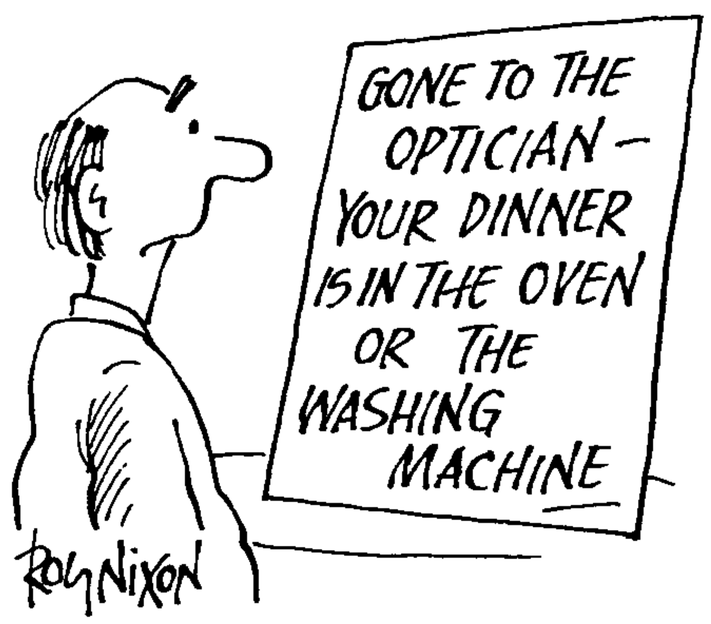
The NPG's Robin Gibson asked to see the manuscript. It soon transpired, however, that the NPG was already doing its own book about Madame Yevonde, written by Robin Gibson and Pam Roberts of the Royal Photographic Society, who happened to have visited Salway for help some months before claiming to know next to nothing about Madame Yevonde.

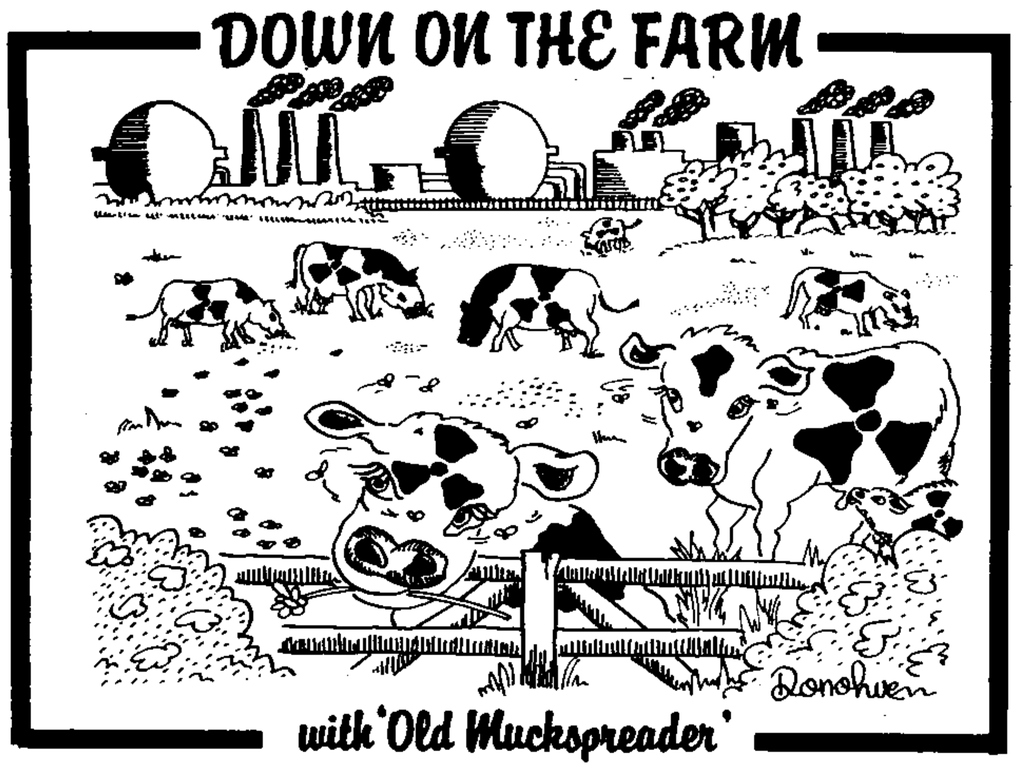
Salway had been researching her subject on-and-off since 1981. Not only had she been given an unpublished manuscript by Madame Yevonde's family, but she had also tracked down and interviewed many of the photographer's partners and assistants around the country.

When she asked to see the NPG's manuscript, Salway was at first refused access, but after applying pressure she was allowed to go into the NPG with a copyright lawyer. She discovered that Pam Roberts's text used some of her research, in particular information from private conversations with Yevonde's circle and that two of Salway's errors had been incorporated into Roberts's manuscript.

For four months the NPG refused to change its manuscript, denying that it had plagiarised information from Salway's work. Then the NPG's legal representatives, the Treasury Solicitors, contacted Salway and granted her the opportunity to read the text of Roberts's text, which would be released for one day. The bulk of the plagiarised material had been removed and the errors corrected.

The whole process of seeking to protect her copyright has cost Salway more than £1,000 in legal fees. Because the NPG warned off other potential publishers, Salway had to publish her manuscript herself *(Goddesses & Others, £14.95)*. In the true interests of artistic scholarship the NPG bookshop has refused to stock it.





THE insufferable Richard Howarth is not just another Welsh academic windbag. He is a Welsh academic who writes concisely and is opposed to subsidies. No wonder they love to hate him and his evil scribblings in Bangor and the valleys of Gwynedd and Clwyd.

The insulting view of this mad professor is that agricultural subsidies make farmers poorer, help foreigners grow richer and degrade the land. This confounds the simple mindedness of the National Farmers' Union, which fancied in its plain way that a subsidy flow to men in muddy wellies made men in muddy wellies richer.

Howarth's sums show that the income of UK farmers is falling proportionate to the volume of subventions aimed at them. The rule of thumb for generations has been that farmers should get about 50 pence for every pound spent at the grocer's; but it is shrinking. Today they get only 40 pence.

How does the Institute of Economic Affairs, the heartless publisher of counter-intuitive truths, explain this paradox? Subsidies, they argue, are a series of false signals. Because they do not match consumers and suppliers but actually mismatch by transmitting false information, the more marginal family farm is the least able to respond to the most important farming skill of all — filling in forms for the Department of Agriculture's various inspectorates.

The number of farmers continues to collapse as the European Commission pours more interventions and money into the slurry ponds. The average income for a full time farmer is only £7,624, says Howarth, but what proportion is for value added and what is mere transfer payment?

The latest edition of *Farming for Farmers* points out that individual foodstuffs are equally defeated by the subsidy mirage — beef, lamb, bacon, ham and milk sales tumble. This is more than food fashion or fad: it is a reflection that the non-Min of Ag and CAP food suppliers, freed of the paperwork, respond better.

John Gummer says he is about to appoint a new personal adviser on agricultural policy. May I, with great disrespect, commend the IEA's Richard Howarth — if he hasn't blown his long deserved gong.

CLAYTON Yeutter, US agriculture secretary, is in Tokyo this week offering a fascinating deal to the Japanese. He is trying to destroy the national symbol of Japanese self-reliance by offering cheaper rice than the Japanese paddy farmers can supply.

It is odd that this industrial colossus feeds itself with a farming policy even more deranged than the Common Agriculture Policy, but it does.

Mr Yeutter used two devices not employed by US diplomacy before: he offered a parallel to the Japanese craze for baseball, pointing out that it is the uniform and plain rules of the game that has made baseball so appealing to the Nipponese.

He went on: "In the international marketplace, there are nations who wish to play their own rules, particularly for products where they are not competitive. They want to throw the ball underhand when they are batting, and then to use a rocket-launcher when they are pitching. This market manipulation in the trade game may take the form of tax-payer supports, high tariffs, quotas and non-tariff measures including blunt import bans."

Mr Yeutter seems to have hit a nerve in Japan where farmers' lobbies are furious.

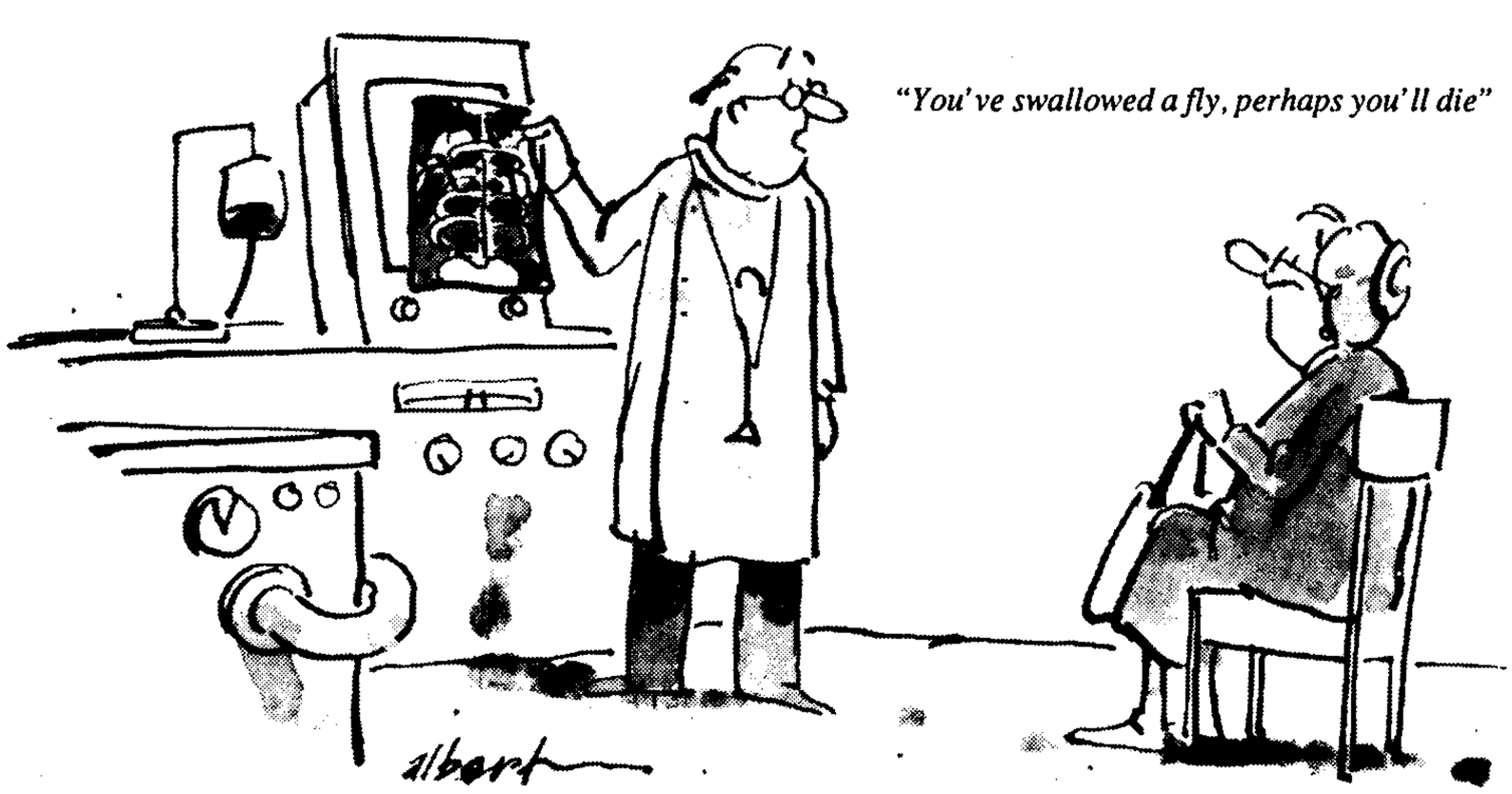
His other trick is to say that a crushed Iraq would open up several wonderful commercial opportunities in the Arab world. You might think the Gulf area is all scorching arid sand and waste, but there are lots of wheatlands and cattle farms and — surprise, surprise — rice fields.

The marsh arabs, freed of their Sunni tyrant, might one day find themselves in a new agri-business high-tech farming centre sponsored by Mr Yamomoto, the Japanese agriculture minister. If the foreigners' rice fields were Japanese-owned, the mental barrier to free trade would evaporate.

EITHER Gloucestershire farmers have a droll sense of humour, or they are clueless, or they are creeps, or they know something Old Muckspreader doesn't.

Members of an organised syndicate near Cirencester are asking Mr Nicholas Ridley — their MP — to a farmers' supper where they intend to present him with a plaque first gifted to the free trade evangelist Richard Cobden as a token of their solidarity with him in his lonely fight against the German imperial forces.

Are some of the farming mafia really nicer and brighter than Old Muck had previously thought?



"You've swallowed a fly, perhaps you'll die"

Sporting Life

THE Queen's trainer, Willie Hastings-Bass, thinks it would be jolly splendid to move the Derby from a Wednesday to a Saturday. That anyone even reported his opinion is proof that most of the top trainers are either on holiday or incommunicado.

Why else listen to what Silly Willie has to say? For while Lord Carnarvon may have decided that his godson was just the type to succeed Major Dick Hern at West Ilsley, ordinary racegoers have been less easily fooled. They know that compared with the major, who has saddled three Derby winners in 10 years, the wretched Willie has been an anything but conspicuous player at Epsom Downs and has yet to saddle the winner of an English classic or group one race.

Not that he doesn't mount the occasional foray into Europe. Only the other week he was in Deauville: not for the Prix Morny or the Jacques Le Marois, but to greet the victor of a European gentlemen amateur riders' contest in which the successful jockey came from Sweden.

That it should still be risible to mention Silly Willie's name in the same breath as the great classic prizes underlines the absurdity of his appointment and the irrevocable damage it has done to the Queen's and Carnarvon's credibility. Yet signs remain that the full significance of the Hern affair has yet to penetrate the abnormally dense skulls of some of the other royal racing advisers.

Amid the fanfare of the Queen Mother's 90th birthday there was understandable praise for the achievements of her trainer, the celebrated Fulke Walwyn, a man who has won all of jumping's most famous races including three runnings of Sandown's Grand Military Gold Cup with the Q.M.'s Special Cargo.

Walwyn retired at the end of last season and the stable has been taken over by his wife Cath, who will continue to train the royal horses that Fulke handled before. Outwardly the image is one of happy, smiling continuity and delighted royal patronage. The real story is a little different.

Fulke didn't entirely pack it in of his own free will. All last winter Herself and her equally aged chum Colonel Billy Whitbread, both 11 years older than the supposedly senile Walwyn, were trying to persuade him to go. What's more, they strenuously opposed Cath taking up the licence. This seems particularly ungrateful when you remember that she's still perfectly sound in mind and body, more so than her patrons, and has been a widely recognised and respected element in her husband's success for many years. Notably in the training of Ten Plus and Whitbread's vastly improved Ten of Spades, who cooked Desert Orchid's goose in this year's Gold Cup.

Yet Whitbread has actually taken all but one of his horses away from her within weeks of her taking over the reins and sent them to her neighbour, Nicky Henderson. "Pop Eyes" may not deserve to be spoken of in the same category as the dire Hastings-Bass, but he still has the look of a chap who is struggling to retake English O level and has yet to come within shouting distance of a Gold Cup.

Far from being offended by the colonel's decision, as was suggested by the *Daily Express* on 26 July, the Queen Mum was all set to follow suit until the Clarence House flunkies realised the further damage it might do to the royal reputation in the wake of the Hern saga. All of which has left the various parties in a brilliantly hypocritical situation — not to mention a potentially sticky one for royalist hacks like little Lord Oaksey, who will have to explain it all come Whitbread Gold Cup day at Sandown next spring.

'Major Bonkers'

'PILOTI' WILL BE BACK NEXT ISSUE

POLICE 5

THE NEWS of a "fresh line of inquiry" into the case of the six men wrongly convicted in 1975 of bombing pubs in Birmingham is further evidence of a growing sense of determination in the Devon and Cornwall police.

Officers in Exeter have responded angrily to taunts that they are merely "PC Plods" who are out of their depth investigating the West Midlands police responsible for beating confessions out of the Birmingham Six and fixing the forensic evidence. The taunts have been directed from the neighbouring police force in Avon and Somerset, which boasts that it was able to bust open the case of the Guildford Four while Devon and Cornwall floundered in Birmingham.

Ever since Operation Countryman, in which Dorset police investigated police corruption in the Met, West Country police have been sensitive to accusations that they are not in the same league as their big city colleagues (Countryman, which failed dismally to catch corrupt London coppers, was contemptuously known as Operation Swedey).

The chances are that the Devon and Cornwall investigation will come up with enough to release the six from prison. And it is thought that the release will be ordered directly by the home secretary. He cannot send the case back to the Court of Appeal since Lord Lane, the Lord Chief Justice who presided over the original appeal "referral" in 1986, has said he will resign if the case does go back to appeal.

campain

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STRICTEST POSSIBLE
SANCTIONS
AGAINST THE IRAQIS
WE WILL NOT SUPPLY WINDOWS, DOORS, PATIO DOORS, PORCHES, OR ANY OTHER FORM OF GLAZING TO IRAQ.
THIS MEANS WE HAVE MORE TIME TO SUPPLY OUR SOUTH WEST CUSTOMERS AND ANY KUWAITIS NEEDING REPLACEMENTS IN THE FUTURE

JOSMAN WINDOWS

We Have *Joined* Forces

When the leading world powers join forces, almost anything can be accomplished. When the key employees of the leading database companies and the leading workstation companies join forces, the next generation database for workstations will be defined, built and delivered.

VERSANT
Object Technology

Contributors: Anon, Tony Brown.

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 paid for entries printed.

STRANGEWAYS

CLOSE STUDY of evidence to the Woolf inquiry into the riot at Strangeways prison last April reinforces the suggestion of the leaked report (see *Eye* 745) that had staff acted on information they received, the riot would never have happened.

Three crucial pieces of information were made available to senior prison officers, two or three days before the riot.

The written note

On the evening before the riot, a prisoner on D wing contacted an officer called Clifford Bateman. He told Bateman that a riot was being planned for the next morning's Church of England service and that Category A (top security) prisoners were "tooling up" and stuffing PP9 batteries inside their socks for weapons.

Officer Bateman passed the information on to his superior officer, Stanley Verrill, who in turn passed it to Principal Officer Henry Robertson. Robertson asked for more information, and Bateman supplied paper and pen to the prisoner through the hole in his cell door. The prisoner duly wrote down that the chapel was to be the scene of a riot (he used the actual word "riot") and that weapons were being prepared.

The note found its way to the head of security in the prison, Principal Officer John Palmer, and on from him to governors Holiday and Harry Wallace. Wallace admitted that he did not even read the note. No further action was taken by anyone to interview the informant and assess his information.

Principal Officer Robertson told the inquiry: "Our gut reaction was that there was something in this." But nothing was done to follow up that gut reaction.

The case of the reluctant choir boy

Principal Officer Phineas Richardson told the inquiry that a prisoner in the church choir had contacted a prison officer on the day before the riot. The prisoner had said that he was not going to church the next morning because he had heard that there was to be a disturbance there.

Officer Richardson thought this was extremely serious. "I felt strongly enough," he told Lord Justice Woolf, "to suggest that the church service should be cancelled." Richardson passed on the information to Mr Palmer but once again no effort was made to interview the chorister.

The kitchen grass

Prison Officer McKormack, who was badly beaten up in the riot, was warned not to go to the church by a well-known grass who worked in the kitchens. The grass told McKormack not to go to the church because there was going to be "serious trouble" there.

These three quite clear pieces of information all came from known sources. As one senior officer was forced to admit, the information added up to something extremely serious and most unusual. Yet only one of the items was noted in the prison log and nothing was done about any of them.

The church service was not cancelled as Richardson thought it should have been. Principal Officer Alan Zegfeld explained rather lamely that it was difficult to deny a prisoner access to his religion. This was not a difficulty experienced by the prison officers in charge that weekend of Rule 43A prisoners (mainly sex offenders).

Prison Officer Barry Duffield reported: "We went round the inmates and told them it would be in their own interests not to go to the service because there had been trouble threatened and all but one were quite happy with that. The one that wasn't — well, we said he wasn't going anyway."

No such precautions were taken with the far more dangerous category A prisoners. Incredibly, no prisoners (many of whom were fully armed with homemade weapons stuffed in their clothing) were searched, even peremptorily, on their way to church. Governor Harry Wallace told the inquiry: "I'm surprised that there was not some ad hoc searching done."

Throughout all this, the Number One Governor of the prison, Brendan O'Friell, was not even informed of the early warnings.

Lord Justice Woolf has made his indignation about what was called the "lax practices" of prison officers at Strangeways very clear. Several senior officers are in for a roasting. But will the Lord Justice even examine the possibility, first suggested in the *Eye*, that a section of disgruntled staff at the jail knew perfectly well that a demonstration was planned for the church service and did nothing to stop it, in the belief that a "controlled riot" would draw attention to their grievances about conditions, pay and (most of all) lack of overtime?

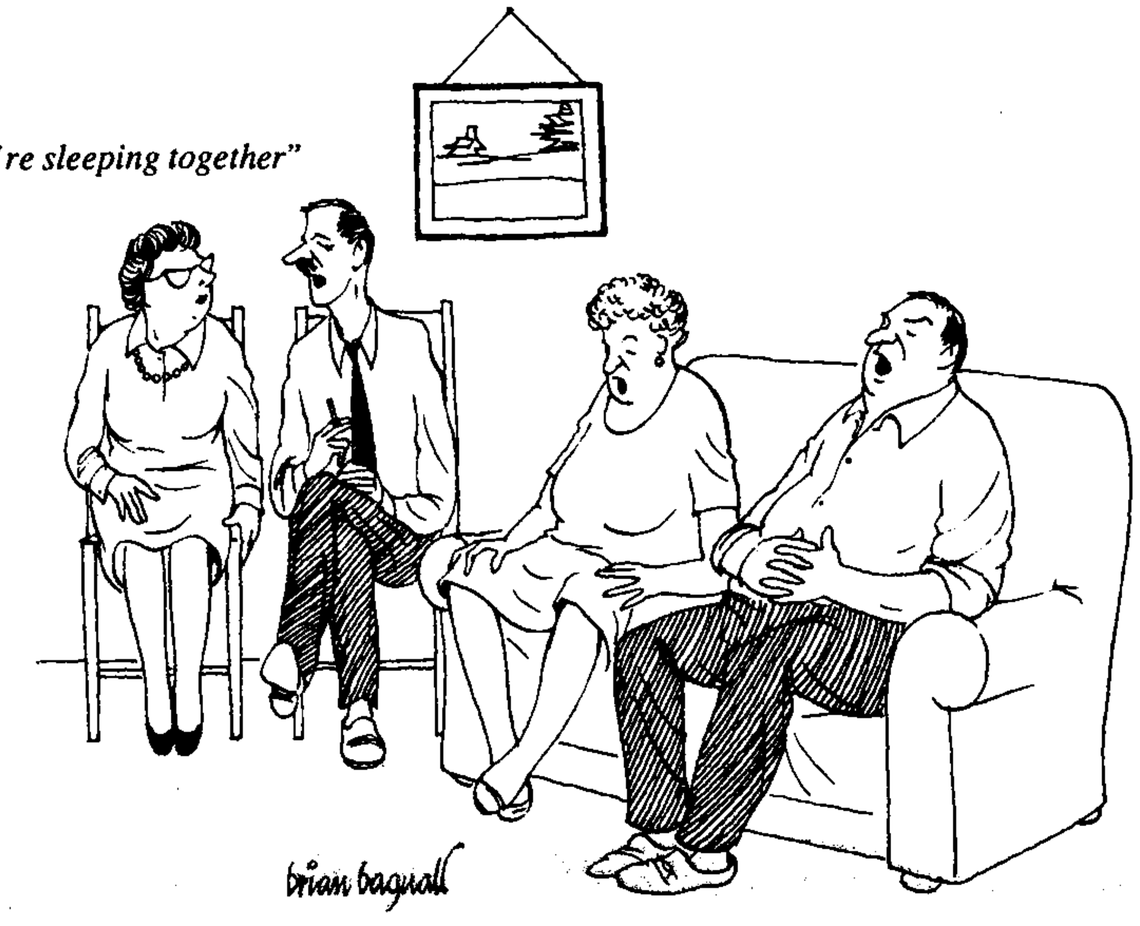
CULT CORNER

AS IT WAS written in the *Eye*, so it came to pass: the Hunger Project managed to organise its "Africa Prize For Leadership" at the United Nations on 24 August, conning Robert Mugabe and Vaclev Havel to appear on live satellite link up.

The magnetic lure of TV cameras dragged Jesse Jackson to New York to appear on the podium, too.

The Hunger Project was, as *Eye* readers well know, set up by Werner Erhart of est, Forum and other self-improvement scams. Interestingly, the *Eye*'s revelation that the HP had been dining Japanese businessmen at the UN has now been explained — the whole circus was sponsored by two Japanese companies.

"They're sleeping together"



Letters

Church social

Sir,

John C. Welch (17 August) would like "to go back to the vicarage for coffee after a service" on Sunday. How very sweet. How does he like his cucumber sandwiches?

Next Sunday I leave my "tied house" at 7.15 am to conduct six services on the trot. If Mr Welch looks after "my" house, tidy up, welcome parishioners, serve coffee, wash up, he might be slightly welcome. But there will be nobody here. My wife will be detained after one of the services at church, dealing with people's needs. My children, though, might appreciate Mr Welch cooking a Sunday lunch for them.

I don't advocate churches fit loos and serve tea and Jaffa cakes after every service. Punters should deal with bodily needs before worship. The idea that on a Sunday the vicarage is open house is utterly nutty. It's bad enough hoovering for the weekday church meetings in what we used to call our "home"...

Welcome to the 20th century, John Welch. Your letter was a real giggle. What do you want — Max Wall parsons in pinnies? Ask your churchwarden next time you want a drinkie or a wee wee after worship. Your vicar probably hasn't time for either on a Sunday.

Yours faithfully,
REV R J KINGSBURY,

Caversham, Reading.

Tea pee

Sir,

Mr Welch (Eye 748) may be right about Croydon but in all my 50 years regular church attendance in various West Country parishes not once has the congregation been invited back to the vicarage/rectory for coffee after the service. And in any case coffee was for the toffs in the tea-drinking working class parishes where I grew up.

As for the Rite of Lavatory I have vivid memories as a choirboy struggling with my cassock buttons while trying to relieve myself among the tombstones round the back of the church, a very necessary exercise when services sometimes lasted for two hours but for which the medieval and Victorian builders made no provisions. I imagine modern choristers find life a lot easier.

And just for the record our local "clergy wives" are married to the job, helping in various ways including running a hugely successful youth and children's group and much behind-the-scenes caring.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID HOLMES,

Yatton, Bristol.

Mental tower block

Sir,

Re: TUC News, Eye 748

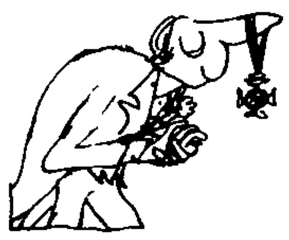
Mr Turner is quite safe from the 1959 Mental Health Act as this was repealed, and a new Act introduced in 1983. Most section numbers were changed apart from the 136, most commonly used by the "boys in blue", who are too overworked to cope with such major legislative change, i.e. it's too difficult to remember.

Of course, there will be no problems in the future thanks to the government's Care in the Community policy — selling off psychiatric hospitals with large acres of land for great wads of dosh, evicting the patients and dumping them in tower blocks, surrounded by hostile and suspicious neighbours, so as to aid a successful suicide. Who says the government doesn't care?

Yours in the bin,
SUZANNE FARRIS,

Enfield.

O.B.N.



The Queen Mother spent the evening of her 90th birthday in the Royal Opera House watching Kenneth MacMillan's *Romeo and Juliet* from the Royal Box. Republicans and Royalists alike should note that there is no more expressive spectator. Not since Lynn Seymour in the 1970s have I found a motionless profile say so much. Sitting, she radiates an extraordinary blend of repose and animation. Her vitality emanates in particular from the natural mobility of her neck and the firm sureness of her lower spine...

The links between royalty and ballet are, of course, numerous, but it's worth observing three reasons why the Queen Mother, even when only visible above the waist, is the most rewarding Royal for dance lovers to watch. Like dancers, she arranges her torso for maximum visibility while, by means of her regard and absorption, making her own object of interest more real; she demonstrates many of the principles of classic *épaulement*; and she combines concentration and spontaneity.

ALISTAIR MACAULAY
Financial Times

Submitted by Nigel Bradshaw.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

Beat poems

Sir,

O what "technical limitations" in the "use of rhyme and metre" Literary Review (Eye 747) "exposes!" Why, I nearly missed Vikram Seth's "vagueness of the phrasing" in among those of The Auberon Waugh Admirer.

What is "a regular six-beat verse?" The verse referred to in this way has four lines with six syllables in each, except for the third line which has half-a-foot extra. This makes it basically a trimeter; three beats in each line.

Though not particularly "memorable", the word "wriggles" does do just that; "breaking" the basic rhythm of the line. This has been pointed out, but LR's imagination does not ask what, if any, effect is achieved by this change in rhythm.

Surely "Some one had blunder'd?"

Yours faithfully,
MATTHEW EDWARDS,

London SE4.

Whizz kid

Sir,

Grovel is partly right (17 August) about the speedy Prince Michael of Kent. He was indeed fined for doing a 103 mph run down the M4.

But the embarrassment was greater than you suggest. The motor industry and their cronies already do support a PRINCE MICHAEL ROAD SAFETY AWARD. Anyone thinking of suggesting a worthy winner should write to the Administrator, "Fanshaws", Brickendon, Hertford.

Some idea of the calibre of suggestions might like to take into account the fact that of the sponsoring companies, Citroen, Nissan and Saab have been rebuked by the Advertising Standards Authority for over-emphasising speed in their adverts — and Fiat, Ford and Rover Group are among those awaiting judgements for the same complaints.

One wonders what fellow members of the Institute of Advanced Motorists and the Medical Commission on Accident Prevention make of all this.

Yours faithfully,
DON MATHEW,

London E14.

Off shore rig

Sir,

In your item "Tories Abroad" (Eye 748), I'm afraid you've fallen for cheap socialist disinformation about possible ballot rigging that is not endorsed by the Labour Party hierarchy who agree the terms of the Act that re-enfranchised us ex-pats.

The Act is quite clear than an overseas vote must be cast in the constituency in which the voter was last registered as an elector. The Electoral Registration Officer is legally obliged to check back 20 years and refuse to register anyone unless he can verify the statements signed by the applicant on Form RPF 37. As for anyone who doesn't "have a credible last address" — tough! No address, no vote!

Of course, Option 3 does not make any reference to "the last registered UK address" — nor should it! RPF 37 clearly shows it as the obligation of the Proxy (not the Conservative Party) to send it to the ERO in this instance. The applicant fills in who the ERO is (and it had better be the right one, or he's wasted his time) and the Proxy forwards the form after completing his section.

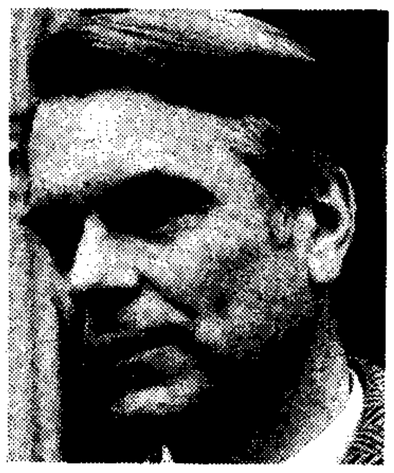
The only way to rig an election in the way your article suggests would be to bribe lots of EROs in lots of marginal constituencies to register lots of ineligible voters, without any word getting out to anyone. Do we seriously think this could happen? Think of the backlash if it was tried and it failed.

I enclose a copy of the form for your information.

Yours faithfully,
RICHARD KENT,

Conservatives Abroad, Altea & District Branch, Alicante, Spain.

Lookalike



Steiner

Death

Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the remarkable similarity between the late Rudolf Steiner and Doctor Death. Is this a reincarnation? I think we should be told.

Yours sincerely,
ADAM BLACK,

Deganwy, Gwynedd, Wales.

Radio ham

Sir,

Following your comments in your Media News section of the 17th August, I feel my career as a freelance broadcaster could be somewhat tarnished by your claim that my contract "abruptly terminated" and that I was "dumped".

The opposite is true. In fact, I joined that most elite group, who number no more than four, who truly left by choice to pursue a higher quality of life and opportunity. The decision was helped through the loss of a good pal at the BBC, in the form of Ray Moore. The place just didn't seem the same any more. Beeb bosses have since begged me to return as a black Scottish blonde TV weatherwoman with a Cornish accent, however, I currently host a successful 3 hour daily morning show on Invicta Radio, so I am therefore unable to help them.

Kindly put the record straight, and say hello to everyone who knows me.

ADRIAN JOHN,

Invicta Group, Kent.

I-SPY *Frome, Somerset*

Submitted by Keith Thomas. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies)*

Sett down

Sir,

In reply to the offensive letter from K. Jenkinson (Private Eye 3rd August) in which he derides "unwashed" saboteurs as not genuinely caring for animals I can assure him that they care not wisely but too well.

I know a hunt saboteur who is a big, powerful man, beautifully washed I assure you, who has the soul of a poet.

Hearing that some members of the local hunt were engaged, as is often the case, in badger baiting, he elected to sit up all night protecting the sett. Exhausted, he finally left around 6 am. Later that day he returned to find that the baiters had done their evil work.

He cried when he told me.

I think they care.

As to sabs not being as cunning as the fox I would personally rather die than have the mentality or the morality of your average fox hunter.

I do not suppose it is essential to be a mindless moron to find fulfilment in tormenting and hounding a defenceless animal to death, but my gosh, it must surely be a great help.

Yours faithfully,
LOUISE MIDDLEDORP,

Pollokshields, Glasgow.

Chairman of the bored

Sir,

I notice in your recent issue an article (p6) concerning our story on The European published in Progressive Newsagent (issue dated August 3rd).

Certain information that you have received is incorrect. At no time did our chairman request this article to be published.

On the contrary, attempts are always made where possible to be "constructive" in our reporting on trade matters.

Yours faithfully,
LEONARD STALL,

Editing/Managing Director, Progressive Newsagent, London EC1.

Oiks tally-ho!

Sir,

My deepest sympathy must go to Brendan Delaney (Eye 748). As if having to live in E12 wasn't enough for the poor chap, alas — he has nothing better to do in his spare time than interfere with other people's pastimes.

Foxhunting is a legal pursuit carried out by country folk. I would not dream of travelling to the green and pleasant pastures of E12 to interfere with any legal pursuit in which he may be engaged.

As a self-confessed hunt saboteur he would be more gainfully employed in having a wash and haircut — something which most of his contemporaries seem as violently opposed to as foxhunting.

K. JENKINSON,

Stevenage, Herts.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"If Michael and Carol haven't got it, it must be pretty difficult, so if you haven't got it at home, well done."
RICHARD WHITELY, Countdown, C4
(Graham Chapman)

"I ran into Billy Idol at a soirée this morning."
STEVE WRIGHT, RADIO 1
(James Dunton)

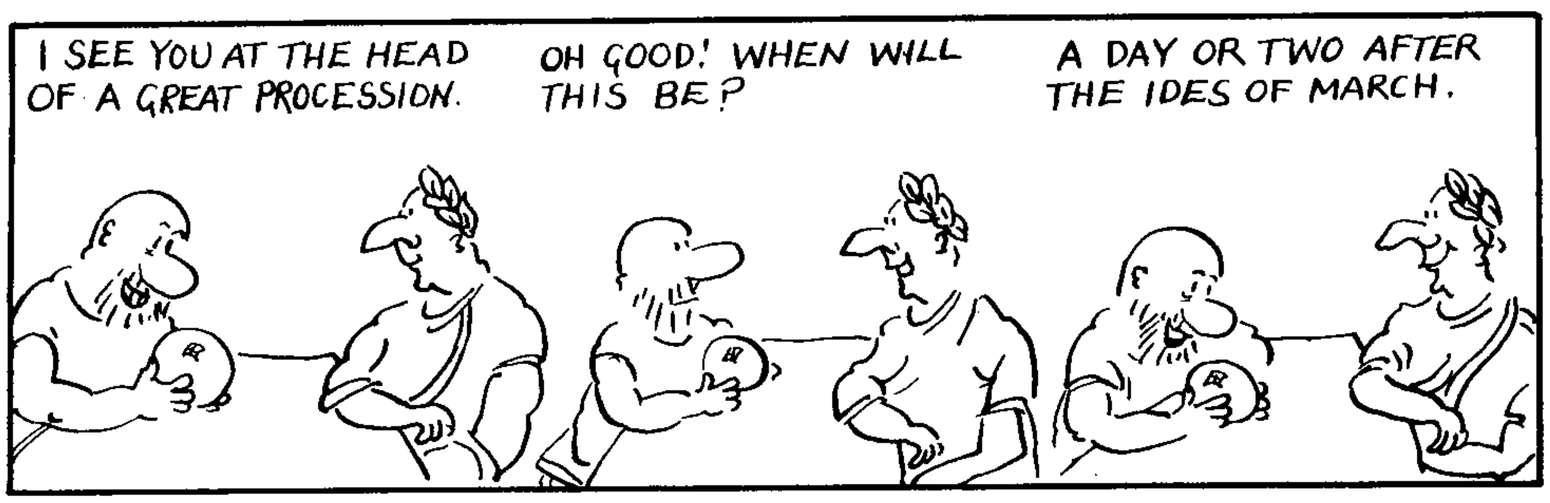
"The temperature has shot up a little bit."
PETER ALLISS, BBC TV
(Steve French)

"...and Dickie Bird standing there with his neck between his shoulders."
BRIAN JOHNSTON, RADIO 2
(Chris Norris)

"And the gap, which was just under five seconds, is now just over four."
MURRAY WALKER, BBC 2
(Frank Elson)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter from Pakistan

from Our Own Correspondent

ONCE AGAIN our country — with its sad history of three military dictatorships and the execution of the first elected prime minister — is under a regime put in power by the army.

Benazir Bhutto's government was sloppy, inefficient and ineffective, but there was no reason for President Ishaque to overthrow it other than an instruction from military intelligence.

The army had accepted a Bhutto victory provided she kept Ishaque, a veteran time-server who had supported every dictatorship in the past. This was a fatal mistake. From the outset Bhutto tried to limit the army's powers, with varying degrees of success. Some of her ministers taunted the generals publicly and recommended they read the country's constitution. Army high command resented this civilian arrogance and for the last year had been pleading with Washington's viceroy, Ambassador Robert Oakley, to get rid of "this woman".

Oakley, a former State Department liaison officer with the CIA who masterminded the attack on Libya, resisted the pressure. He was prepared to listen patiently to opposition politicians and generals who visited the embassy regularly, but recommended patience. Then came Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait. Our generals became minor players in this new situation and the State Department withdrew its objections overnight.

The charge of corruption against Bhutto is a bit stupid in our country. Many people ask how the sons of two dead generals (Zia and Rehman) amassed so much money to buy the Pepsi Cola franchise in Lahore. Others wonder how current military boss General Aslam Beg obtained the funds to throw such a lavish wedding party for his daughter — 10,000 guests in two different cities.

For two years General Durrani, military intelligence boss, had targeted Benazir's husband, Asif Zardari, as the weak link in the chain. Zardari, like your Denis Thatcher, enjoys a drink. Like your Mr Denis, he is also a businessman. But unlike Mr Denis he has used his marital couch to swing a number of lucrative deals. Corrupt? Yes. Illegal? Unlikely.

President Ishaque is ringing senior civil servants every day seeking "documentary evidence" against Zardari. And if none exists, it can be manufactured. In a country where permits to build factories and trading licenses and government-blessed bank loans have formed part of the patronage exercised by governments since 1959, the charges are particularly silly.

Ishaque's new cabinet has alienated even his friends. Benazir's replacement, Jatoi, is a Sindhi landlord rejected by his own peasants in the last election. Another Sindhi landowner, Jam Sadiq, is not best known for his probity. The only person of weight in the new regime is the minister for propaganda, Mrs Abida Hussein. Short and bloated, she weighs nearly 16 stone. This, and her power-lust, helps explain the guided missiles of venom she has been hurling at Bhutto ever since her return to Pakistan.

Bhutto was kicked out because her generals will never accept a democratic government. In the three months before her dismissal, she had refused army requests to try Sindhis in military courts, insisting on ordinary courts of law.

She also had the gall to ask to see military accounts to ascertain how the army was spending the country's money and she did a deal with her chief rival, Nawaz Sharif, to repeal the constitution's eighth amendment which gave the president power to dismiss an elected government which still commanded a majority in parliament.

The army plans to use its propaganda network to discredit the Bhuttos and split the People's Party. Then there will be an election.

The popular reception awarded Bhutto in a number of towns since her fall shows the army has got it wrong again. The generals could make it illegal for women to occupy high office in the land or try to disqualify her permanently. In either event the election would be a total farce.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

DENYING all responsibility for the fact that the Ford Fiesta he had sold to Mr Michael Jenkins fell into three separate pieces 250 yards from the forecourt he used as his shop, Mr Gunjar Raji, a businessman, said that had Mr Jenkins asked him he would have admitted that the chassis came from one car, the engine from a second, and the rear suspension from a third, but that these alterations were reflected in the price.

"However," Mr Raji concluded, "as he said nothing, neither did I."

CORRECTING a mistake it had made when commenting on the topographer I.J. Wilken's theory that the Trojan War was fought a few miles south-east of Cambridge and not on the traditional Turkish site, the *Guardian* newspaper apologised for saying that the nearest restaurant to Troy was not a Happy Eater but a Little Chef.

DESCRIBING the circumstances of gang leader Guiseppe Olivieri's death, Superintendent Enrico Gatti of the Salerno police said: "As soon as we heard about the incident my men were in action. But after firing 20 bullets into Guiseppe the intruders made a remarkable escape down the main corridor, across the foyer, and into the carpark.

"Later, I interviewed the three patients who were in the beds next to, and opposite, the victim. But two of them were sound asleep at the time and the third, Sen. Berdado Doratti, turned out to be suffering from a serious eye infection."

INTERVIEWED after his release by the Austrian Border Police, Mr John Louvet, an investigative journalist, agreed that he had been travelling throughout Europe with a snap of his neighbour's cocker spaniel "Chummy" as his passport photograph.

A police spokesman said: "It was a very good likeness."

MRS Elizabeth Naydino, head teacher of Mikindani School for Girls, Mombasa, said: "I have apologised to Mr and Mrs Abdara. Their daughter Angela did not collapse and die during a gym class as the school's porter told them by telephone. Angela had, in fact, been sent to bed after a rehearsal of Cinderella, this year's school play."

HIGHWAY Patrol Inspector John Gannon has suspended four of his police drivers after they chased Mr J.E.P. Sullivan south on Gulf Boulevard at speeds of up to 125 mph until he stopped, smartly, outside Indian Shore town hall.

The driver of the first police cruiser struck the back of Mr Sullivan's car, and the other three police drivers concertinaed into their colleague.

Police driver Pat Wilbur, who had joined the chase in his own car "just for the hell of it" but who was not wearing a seatbelt, shot through the air and badly dented the roof of the cruiser in front of him.

ARRESTED while having a siesta in Gandhi Park, Tamil Nadu, Mr T.L. Danda admitted that he was the owner and trainer of "Suguna", a 26-year-old elephant that had caused a traffic jam in the centre of Tamil Nadu by begging from the pedestrians.

"It is my habit to take a short rest while Suguna invites the passers-by to contribute to her upkeep," Mr Danda said. "She has never been in trouble before and I shall see that she does not cause any further trouble."

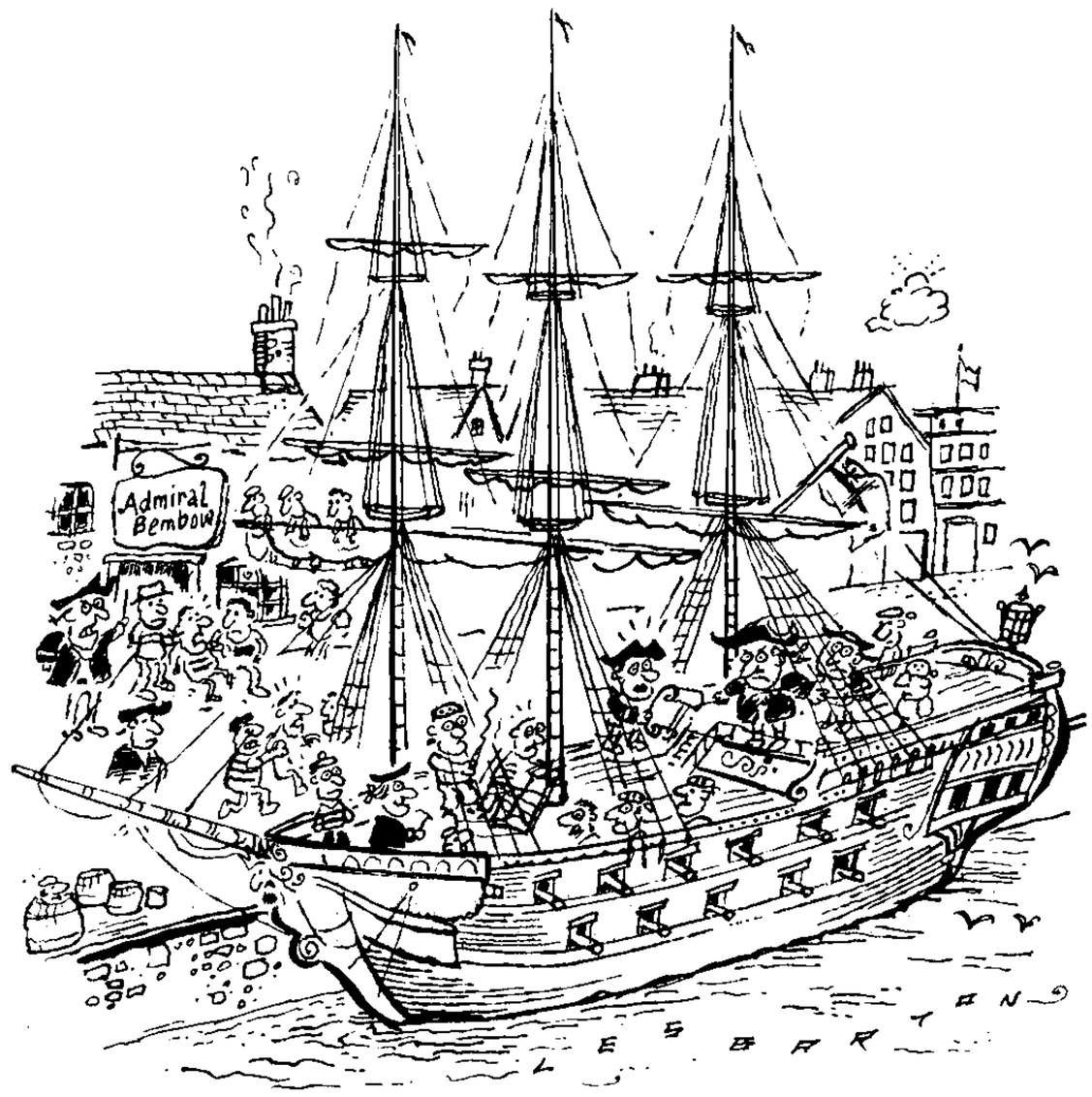
INFORMATION: Eastern Daily News 26.6.90; Guardian 26.6.90; Western Mail 27.7.90; Sunday Post 31.7.90; Daily Nation 20.6.90; Korea Herald 15.6.90.

MONITORS: David Haynes, E.V. Salisbury, Anon, Paul Campbell, Ian Cowan, A.F. Shorrocks.

TOP TEN BORES

This Week		Last Week	Weeks on List
1	Gazza	1	3
2	Godfrey Hodgson	–	–
3	General Sir John Hackett	4	339
4	Professor Laurie Taylor	10	79
5	Glenda Jackson	5	4
6	Nigel Kennedy	1	63
7	Bernard Levin	3	793
8	Clare Rayner	9	32
9	Michael Ignatieff	2	87
10	Ruby Wax	8	17

We would like to thank the staff of Melody FM for their help in compiling this week's Bores



"It's a complaint from the European Court of Civil Rights!"

10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

You must by now be up in the air heading for God's Own Country, so this will await your return. I hope you won't mind my having given Mrs Van der Kaffirbescher the name of your hotel, but the poor soul is starved of civilised company, and if played the right way old Van der K. has quite a decent cellar. I got quite an earful myself when I rang up. "Look what you have done to us, Denis! The Zulus are up in arms. Everything has happened just like we said it would. Horst and I have had to barricade ourselves into the compound and even Dorcas is running amuck with a machine gun. What do you expect if you go down to the Zoo and let all the wild animals out of their cages? Etc, etc." No doubt you will hear more in the same vein.

Why, you ask, did the Mem remain in her Cornish Hideaway when Great Events were unfolding? Her first instinct, certainly, was to cancel the whole holiday, gird up her loins, and have a camp bed set up at the top secret shed in Northwood which you remember no doubt from the Falklands Show. Bell, however, having weathered the first blast of proprietorial displeasure, made two very sound points. Firstly that friend Basil Bush had set the tone of Western chic by lolling about Kennedybunkup pretending to be on holiday, and it would look very unfashionable if Margaret put on a tin hat and gave the impression she was taking Saddam seriously. Second, and more importantly, that they had a long-standing appointment with her new beautician, Mr Rosenthal of the Swiss Schneidehahn Clinic, who was coming over specially to knock her physiog into shape for the last lap.

This Rosenthal duly arrived, a somewhat obese bird in a white coat with a mirror strapped to his forehead and two curvaceous lady assistants. I was present when he made his initial assessment and dictated an estimate in dollars to one of the ladies with a portable calculator. To the extent I was able to grasp what he was saying, he appeared to be talking about entirely demolishing Margaret's face and starting again from scratch, with optional gorilla gland injections to follow, which would put her in a league to thrash Tyson with one hand tied behind her back.

I saw him beginning to cast an appraising eye over my own sagging carcass, and thought it prudent to hot-foot it down to the Betjeman Arms. When I got back it was obvious there had been a bit of a row, Herr Rosenthal was in a sulk sitting in his helicopter and Bell attempting to mediate. Treatment, according to M. would take too long, Rosenthal – a creative artist not accustomed to this kind of behaviour. In the end a compromise was reached involving an outlay of some fifty thousand pounds for an In and Out job with respray and a course of gorilla capsules that she could take with her Royal Jelly at breakfast.

Not but what her enforced retirement in the wastes of Cornwall – quite frankly, Bill, a pretty grisly neck of the woods inhabited by health fanatics and mad vicars – went by without some protest. She became especially incensed after seeing that very pompous aristo with the curly hair, Wargrave, shooting his mouth off on TV, followed by Hurd doing his Prime Minister Auditions with a lot of smooth computer-speak about Saddam being a "loser". "Loser be blowed!" Margaret exploded as the Capsules began to do their deadly work. "Was Hitler a Loser? Was General Galtieri a Loser? No! This Saddam is a Tyrant who must be overthrown by force! Why is Douglas mincing about in that supercilious way? This is worse than Geoffrey Howe's behaviour! Why does the Foreign Office have this dreadful effect on people?"

I pointed out that judging by our friend Prendergast in K.L. who had been Third Secretary in Seoul, and who used to take the dog for a walk dressed up in his wife's clothes, all FO men are weirdoes, and automatically side with the Towel Heads as the race most likely to bend over behind the sand dunes. She seemed less than impressed by this in-depth tour d'horizon of the Middle Eastern situation, and snatched up the telephone, demanding that the wretched Hurd be waiting on the mat the moment she hit town, and prepare himself for Death by Microphones on the Doorstep.

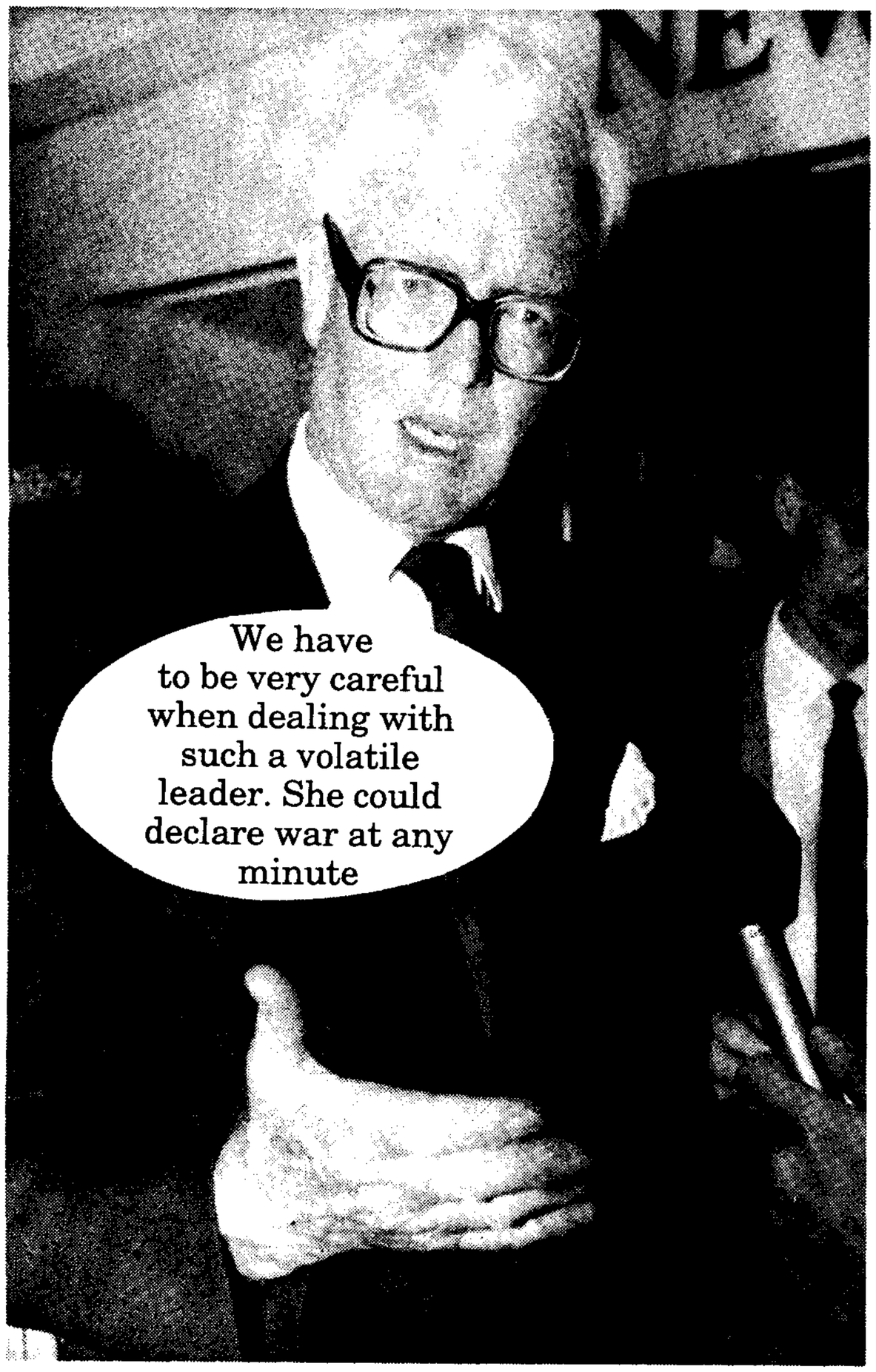
Sure enough, the grey-haired Old Etonian traipsed in shortly after our return, hair carefully lacquered and a knife-edge crease in his trousers. "Now, Margaret," he began in his most condescending manner, "we have just been apprised of the fact that Senor Jerez de Cola" (the big shot of the UN), "is on his way down to the Gulf to talk to the Iraqis…" "What poppycock!" the Boss stormed, "Don't you remember the Falklands, Douglas, or were you still writing dirty novels with your eccentric friend? We had all this before. United Nations negotiators, Galtieri played cat and mouse with them, and so will Saddam. We must make it clear to this Dictator that unless he withdraws his forces immediately and makes some suitable apology, we shall go in!" "Ahem, aha," interposed the bespectacled candidate for high office, shooting his cuffs. "If I may say so, Prime Minister, it is not our prerogative to go in or stay out. You may recall that President Bush is in charge of this particular scenario, and we don't actually have any ground forces in place. Therefore the voice of Britain must be muted. As the Oxford Book of Old Arab Sayings has it, the Lion may growl, but who will hear it in the Sand Storm?"

"No surrender," Margaret boomed on unheeding, "the Task Force is on the way, if necessary the SAS will take out President Saddam. You can tell George Bush and your United Nations friends that we have experience of wringing dictators' necks when they invade small countries, and if he will not take the lead, I will!"

As I write the air is again riven with sharp cries. The wretched Bell has just shown Margaret his video made with the Boy Mark and the Burgerdorf baby, intended for use in an autumn advertising campaign on the theme "Margaret Thatcher – Wife, Mother, Grandmother!" The Boy Mark was in particularly surly mood at the time of the shoot in the US of A, refusing to cooperate, and Baby Burger bawled its head off throughout the filming. It now sounds as though the entire project has been scrapped amid mutual recrimination and personal abuse. Give me a ring when you get back from Jo'burg, and we'll sample Maurice's G and T Nouveau.

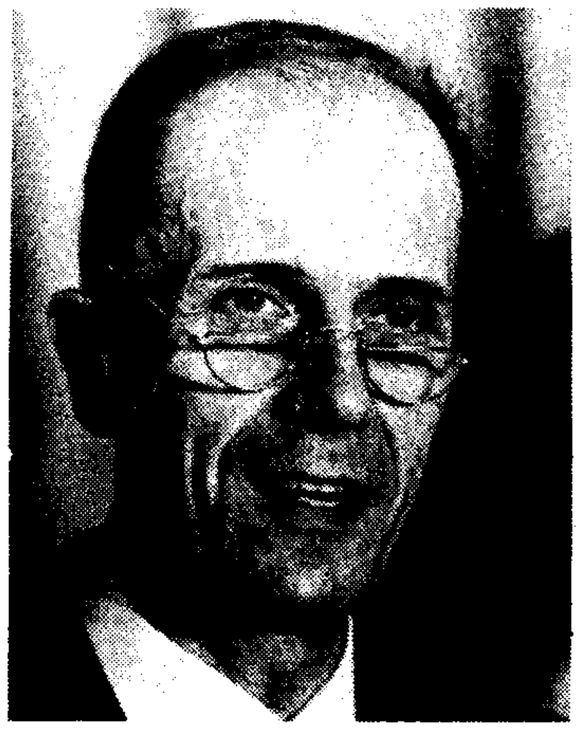
Yours almost totally plastered,

Denis



Gardening Notes

with 'Old Tebbs'



Now is a very good time of the year to get out into the herbaceous border and give the garden a real digging-over, even though the flowers are all out. Get your favourite fork out of the garden shed, make sure the prongs are really nice and sharp — the ground is pretty dry and hard. Choose carefully where to begin, raise up your fork and plunge it right down hard into your foot... aaargh...

Norman Tebbit's column will resume in two months' time.

"Oh, no! A submarine of the desert!"

AGE CONCERN

More and more old people these days are living in fear of A.N. Wilson coming round to interview them for the *Spectator*. They are old and frail. Their minds may be confused. They may think he is a social worker or a gasman. Before they know where they are, they may have invited him in for a cup of tea and a chat — and in a matter of seconds Wilson has ruined them.

Wilson particularly preys on elderly judges and some members of the Royal Family. But no one is safe.

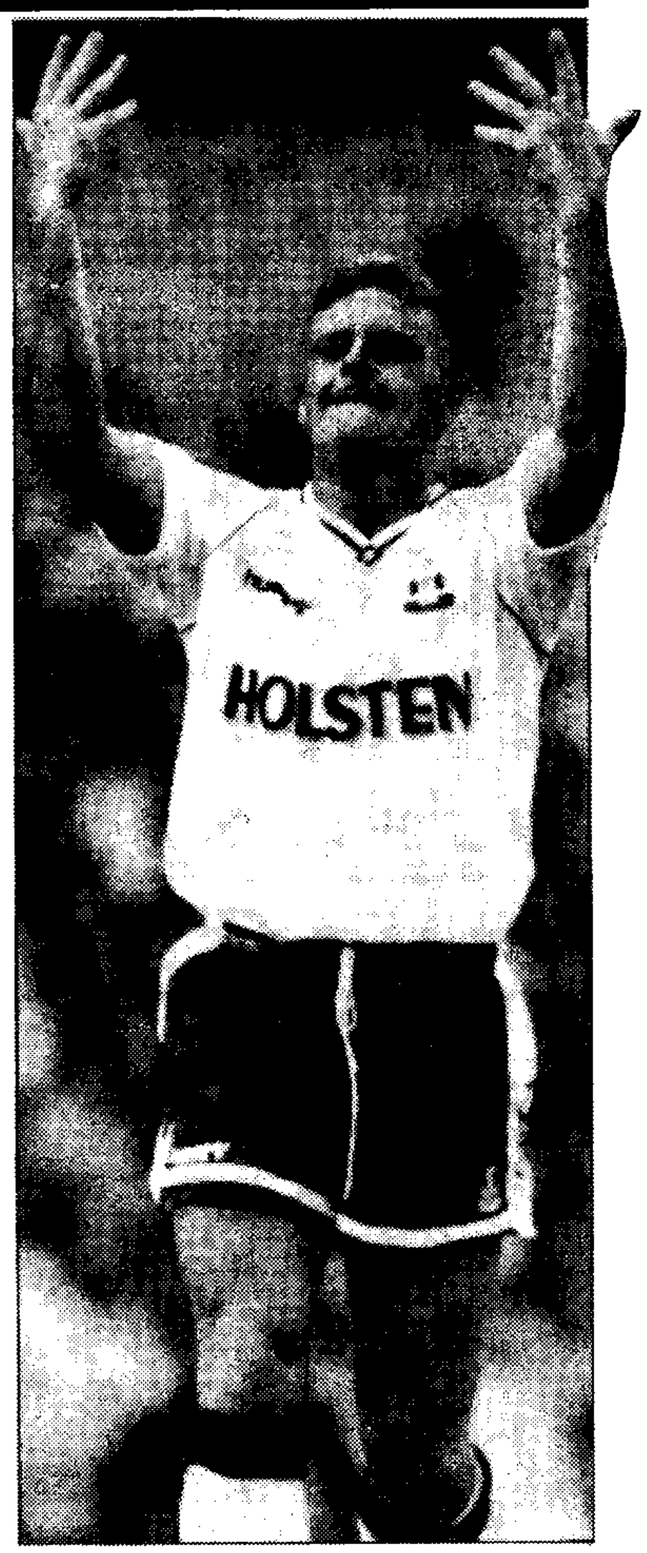
Armed only with a tape recorder, Wilson worms out of his innocent victims their most intimate thoughts, feelings and prejudices — which he then sells on the *Conrad Black* Market for huge sums.

If you have reason to think that A.N. Wilson is trying to get into *your* house, here are some simple precautions that you can take:

- **Shut and bolt all doors and windows.**
- **Whatever you do, say nothing.**
- **Call the police immediately.**

A.N. WILSON IS A SERIOUS MENACE TO BRITAIN'S ELDERLY — BUT TOGETHER WE CAN BEAT HIM

Ten Things You Never Knew About Gazza



1. Plays football.
2. Cries.
3. Comes from Newcastle.
4. Nickname is Gazza.
5. Has girlfriend.
6. Or not.
7. Is known to friends as Gazza.
8. Is a footballer.
9. Er...
10. That's it.

NEXT WEEK: A.N. Wilson interviews Paul Gascoigne.

Your Cut Out 'n' Keep Guide To What's On Radio Five

9:00 News and weather.

9:05 World service.

11:00 This week's composer, Kalashnikov *(see Radio 3).*

12:00 *Hey there groovy young people!* With DJ's Mike Hasbeen and Dave Oldie.

1:00 News and weather.

2:00 For schools. Julian Clary talks to sixteen year olds about vital issues of the day. This week: Masturbation.

2:05 Phone-in with complaints about the previous programme with Emma Fraud and Angela Runoff.

3:00 World service. Rural life in Namibia. *(Repeat from 1968).*

4:00 For the Under-3's. Sammy Spider goes to the Notting Hill Carnival.

5:00 *Hi kids, listen in to this!* With Simon Fanclub.

7:00 Euro-Beat. Listeners phone in from Luxembourg with their requests.

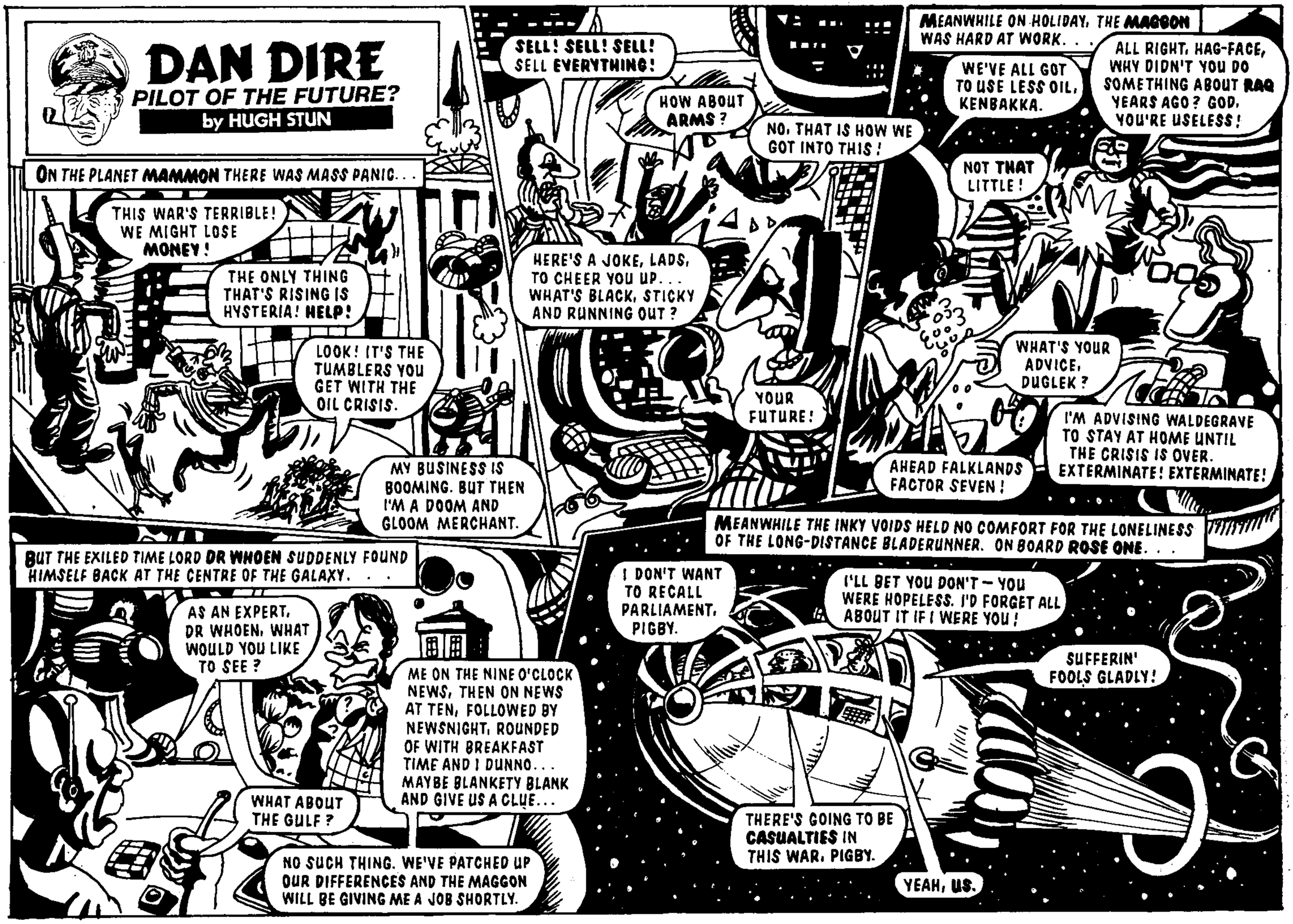
It's him again

8:00 *Wow! Crucial!* A new soap opera for 11-14 year olds set in a youth club in Neasden.

9:00 *Iphigenia in Paxo* by Desmond Stoddy and the Radiophonic Workshop. *(See Radio 3).*

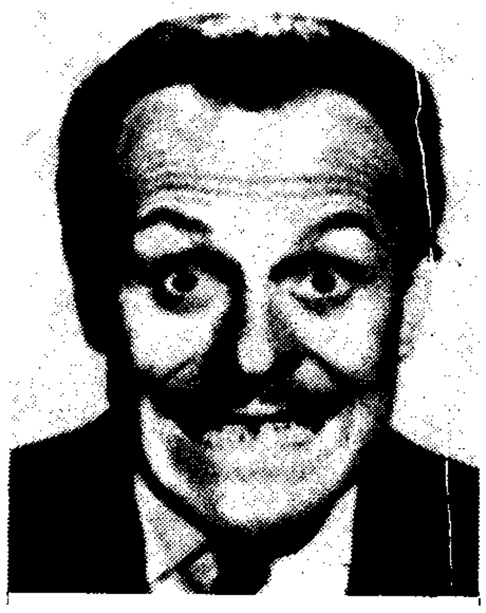
11:00 "Hey! Why are you still awake?" with Frank Bruno, "Gazza" Gascoigne and "Mazza" Montgomery-Massingberd. *(Shurely shome mishtake?)*

12:00 Closedown. *(Probably for good)*


DAN DIRE
PILOT OF THE FUTURE?
by HUGH STUN
ON THE PLANET MAMMON THERE WAS MASS PANIC...
THIS WAR'S TERRIBLE! WE MIGHT LOSE MONEY!
THE ONLY THING THAT'S RISING IS HYSTERIA! HELP!
LOOK! IT'S THE TUMBLERS YOU GET WITH THE OIL CRISIS.
MY BUSINESS IS BOOMING. BUT THEN I'M A DOOM AND GLOOM MERCHANT.
SELL! SELL! SELL! SELL EVERYTHING!
HOW ABOUT ARMS?
NO, THAT IS HOW WE GOT INTO THIS!
HERE'S A JOKE, LADS, TO CHEER YOU UP... WHAT'S BLACK, STICKY AND RUNNING OUT?
YOUR FUTURE!
MEANWHILE ON HOLIDAY, THE MAGGON WAS HARD AT WORK...
WE'VE ALL GOT TO USE LESS OIL, KENBAKKA.
ALL RIGHT, HAG-FACE, WHY DIDN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT RAQ YEARS AGO? GOD, YOU'RE USELESS!
NOT THAT LITTLE!
WHAT'S YOUR ADVICE, DUGLEK?
I'M ADVISING WALDEGRAVE TO STAY AT HOME UNTIL THE CRISIS IS OVER. EXTERMINATE! EXTERMINATE!
AHEAD FALKLANDS FACTOR SEVEN!
MEANWHILE THE INKY VOIDS HELD NO COMFORT FOR THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE BLADERUNNER. ON BOARD ROSE ONE...
I DON'T WANT TO RECALL PARLIAMENT, PIGBY.
I'LL BET YOU DON'T — YOU WERE HOPELESS. I'D FORGET ALL ABOUT IT IF I WERE YOU!
SUFFERIN' FOOLS GLADLY!
THERE'S GOING TO BE CASUALTIES IN THIS WAR, PIGBY.
YEAH, US.
BUT THE EXILED TIME LORD DR WHOEN SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF BACK AT THE CENTRE OF THE GALAXY...
AS AN EXPERT, DR WHOEN, WHAT WOULD YOU LIKE TO SEE?
ME ON THE NINE O'CLOCK NEWS, THEN ON NEWS AT TEN, FOLLOWED BY NEWSNIGHT, ROUNDED OF WITH BREAKFAST TIME AND I DUNNO... MAYBE BLANKETY BLANK AND GIVE US A CLUE...
WHAT ABOUT THE GULF?
NO SUCH THING. WE'VE PATCHED UP OUR DIFFERENCES AND THE MAGGON WILL BE GIVING ME A JOB SHORTLY.

Man in the News

Our Man at the UN — Sir Potato Crispin



Potato Orlando Cervantes de Crispin Crispian seems at first sight to be an unlikely man to be co-ordinating the efforts of the 167 nations of the free world to bring down the mad dictator of Iraq. But in the last ten days Sir Potato has emerged as the most accomplished diplomat on the world stage this century.

At the UN headquarters in New York, diplomats from all over the world speak of him with barely concealed admiration. "He is an English gentleman of the old fool," said one Peruvian official.

Until his present post as Britain's number-one UN troubleshooter, Sir Potato was best known for the immensely able way in which he conducted the tricky negotiations over the 1984 Costa Rican red bean dispute.

He first came to the notice of Mrs Thatcher with his seminal memo in 1989 arguing that something ought to be done about these hot summers we've been having.

Since he was posted to New York, Sir Potato has perhaps become best known for his habit of presenting his guests at diplomatic dinners with salads made from dinosaur eggs and poisonous fungi collected from Central Park.

Today, make no mistake, Sir Potato is the most powerful man in the world, which is why in three days' time he is due to retire.

Hussein warned by Maxwell – 'We will use ultimate terror weapon'

by Our Gulf Staff
Q. Waite, M. Ear and O. Bahrein Waugh

British publishing tycoon and helicopter boss Robert Maxwell has stepped in to deliver an ultimatum to Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein.

He warns: "Withdraw Iraqi forces from Kuwait and the Saudi border or face the consequences."

Get on your nerve gas

Captain Maxwell, speaking from his bunker in the Mirror building, was guarded when we asked him to spell out the exact nature of his deterrent, but it became clear what he has in mind — nothing more nor less than the saturation bombing of Baghdad with millions of unsold copies of *The European.*

An expert in psychological warfare explained what happens when a civilian is exposed to *The European.*

"He could pick it up in an unguarded moment and after only a few seconds he would fall into a deep coma-like sleep from which it would be impossible to wake him. It would be devastating. Saddam would be forced to sue for peace within hours."

Maxwell is known to have stockpiled vast quantities of the deadly paper all over Europe. If deployed indiscriminately, there is a risk that it would drift all over the world, leading to mass paralysis of the whole globe.

ON OTHER PAGES

Unfunny Cartoon by Doré (after Heath) . . . . . .p. 94

ADVERTISEMENT

YES, IT'S BACK!

The World's Best-Loved Musical

GUNBOAT

by Colonel Jerome K. Jerome
(US Navy)

From the people who brought you 'Don't Miss Saigon'

By popular demand, *Gunboat* returns with all the songs you loved to sing and all the stars you loved to sing them.

Featuring

Along Came Bush
Can't Help Loving Saddam
Call Me Madman
Singing in Bahrain
The Sunni Side of the Street
Kiss Me Kate Adie

and the showstopping

Old Man Lord Wilson of Rievaulx
(shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)

'This one will run and run'
Peter Snow

SNEWSNIGHT

with JEREMY FAXMAN and PETER SNOOZE

(Pompous music, expensive graphics of storm clouds gathering over world capitals)

JEREMY FAXMAN: On day 94 of the great Gulf Crisis, President Bush stands firm. Jordan's King Hussein looks for a compromise. Saddam moves up his Scud missiles. And Norway sends in her navy.

(Shot of old car ferry sailing down fjord, captioned "Library Footage")

FAXPERSON: Later on I'll be joined by the Iraqi ambassador in Paris, Mr Yesman Deafaid *(picture of man with moustache looking shifty)* and from New York, Walter Dullberg, who under President Ford was Deputy Assistant Adviser to the US National Security Council. Also, we shall have a couple of gratuitous interviews with the relatives of some hostages. But first, the moment you've all been waiting for, Peter Snooze in the sandpit. Peter.

(Cut from man in silly tie to man in ill-fitting suit standing in front of very badly made papier mache model of Lake District with sand sprinkled on top and labels stuck on, reading, "Baghdad", "Amman" and "Mrs Thatcher")

SNOOZE: Just look at the hardware that the Americans are still pouring in to the Gulf area. In the last 24 hours alone they have brought in 73 aircraft carriers, most of them over 100,000 tonnes, 16 World War Two battleships, including the recently refitted USS Watergate, not to mention several thousand cruisers, destroyers and nuclear-armed submarines. *(Empties box of toy battleships all over blue areas)* And then there's the air power — 840 of the latest Stealth bombers, 3,500 F-194's — they're the ones fitted with the deadly accurate Correspondent seek-and-miss air-to-ground missiles that were used to take out Col. Gadaffi's tent. *(Dive bombs Lake Windermere with plastic plane)* And then here along the Saudi border *(climbs onto model)* they've already got the 98th Airborne Tank Marine Corps under the 57-year-old Vietnam veteran Col. Sanders, whose men were feared throughout South-East Asia as "the Finger Lickers", because they couldn't lick anything else. Now, with me, I've got General Sir Anthony Farrer-Gussett *(shot of elderly white-moustached man in crisp blazer standing to attention)*. General, the Americans have now got the biggest build-up of military power the world has ever seen. What are they going to do with it?

GEN. SIR FARRER-HACKETT: It all depends on Saddam. He's in a corner and he knows it.

SNOOZE: So does that mean he'll use his chemical weapons in a first-strike deployment? *(Sets fire to Scafell Pike with lighter, filling studio with dense smoke)*

GEN. HACKETT *(spluttering)*: Saddam is no fool. But nor are we. And if Saddam wants to play the germ card, then I can tell him here and now — and I know he's a keen watcher of your programme — we've got all it needs to hit him, and hit him pretty damn hard.

SNOOZE *(Now peering through smoke from inside NBC-CBS protection suit)*: So are you saying that we would respond by using our nuclear capability?

(Model disintegrates, Faxperson's tie catches fire.)

HACKET *(still standing at attention amid rubble)*: We've got a full range of options, but I'd be a damn fool to tell you what they are.

SNOOZE: Thank you, General, and now back to Jeremy.

(Faxperson sitting at desk amid large pile of chemical foam from fire-extinguisher)

FAXPERSON: As the international chess-game escalates, I am joined on the satellite-link by the Iraqi ambassador to Paris, Dr Hussein Aziz Cakeandeatit.

FAXMAN: Dr Aziz, you've been telling us a lot of lies in the past few weeks. What have you got for us tonight?

AZIZ: Sorry, I cannot hear very well. We Iraqis have an age-old tradition of hospitality. Our Western guests will be shown every consideration during their long stay in our lovely country.

FAXPERSON: Now listen here, towelhead, when you say guests, don't you mean hostages?

AZIZ: I can't hear you. Our guests will be picked up at their homes by specially trained armed couriers, and taken to specially selected 5-star chemical hotels.

FAXPERSON: Where they will be used as human sandbags and given nothing to eat... Isn't that the scenario, you horrible little Arab creep?

AZIZ: I'm sorry I didn't hear that question. Our guests will enjoy food every bit as good as that eaten by our beloved leader President Hussein. *(Takes out menu card and reads)*

The Saddam Sizzler

Grapeshot Segments or Fruit Jews

—✻—

Filet of Beef-Iftytwo

or

Steak Tornados with Mustard Gas Sauce

or

Cockpit Au Vin

—✻—

Followed by Arabian Dessert

Bomber Surprise

Tea or Coffin

FAXPERSON: That's in very poor taste, Ambassador.

AZIZ: No, it's delicious.

FAXPERSON: Now, Ambassador, if you could just stay with us, we're going to have the American view from Walter Dullberg, who was once on President Carter's staff as Chief Director of Desert Hostage Rescue Operations. Dr Dullberg, how do you read President Bush's statement today that "in no eventuality should anyone imagine that we shall not respond with a proper reciprocal strategy to any situation which may develop, and that is fully covered by Article 94 and Resolution 726 of the United Nations"?

DULLBERG: Good evening.

PACKMAN: Sorry Professor, that's all we've got time for. And now, a quick look at tomorrow's headlines. The *Sun* front page leads with GAZZA SIZZLES IN 90° SCORCHER. *The Times* goes with PAUL GASCOIGNE ADMITS IT IS VERY HOT and the *Financial Times* has BRITISH GAZZA TO BE PRIVATISED. Oops, I've forgotten all about the hostages. Never mind, we'll have a double helping of them tomorrow and we'll hear their views on why President Bush should sue for peace. From me and Peter Snooze, it's goodnight.

(Camera tracks away to reveal Snooze buried up to his neck in sandpit, still gibbering about battleships)

POETRY CORNER

Lines On The Announcement By Miss Carla Lane That She Is To Cease Writing The Popular Situation Comedy *Bread*

So. Farewell
Then
Bread.

I never
Saw it.
But Keith said
It was
Crumby.

Apparently this
Joke is almost
As bad

As those in
The Programme.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

HEALTHY CLEAN WATER CAN NOW BE MADE IN THE CONVENIENCE OF YOUR OWN HOME

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≈WATER 4 U≈

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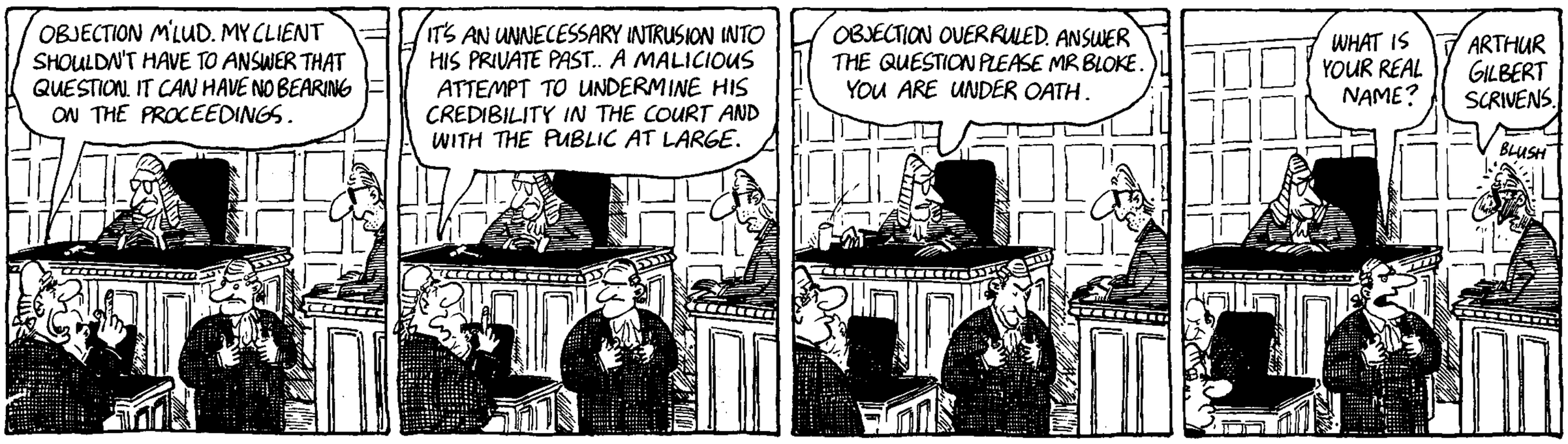
"... he's amazing for a man his age what is he? nearly fifty I'd say and he's like an athlete the way he runs round the stage for two hours it's incredible he's got the body of a man half his age and that voice you know it's the same as it was back in '63 or was it earlier? I saw them at Hyde Park and that was a classic and my friend who I went with this time used to go to Eel Pie Island and he reckons the voice has actually improved especially on the slow ones when he did Ruby Tuesday you could hear a pin drop they did all the old hits which was what the audience wanted really some of the lyrics are unbeatable 'Hear him whip the women just around midnight' actually he changed that in Brown Sugar I noticed but he's cleanliving nowadays and he runs ten miles or something and the rest of them it's amazing Keith is still alive they've got to be the greatest rock 'n' roll band alive there's no reason they can't go on touring they can pack a stadium anywhere in the world even somewhere like Oslo hundreds of thousands of fans turned up they play Start Me Up at the beginning which is amazingly clever pity about the sound system which is hardly their fault I've got all their stuff on CD so I listened when I got home still I had to see them before they died they are part of our history in a way Jumping Jack Flash... Satisfaction... what was that other one...?"


OBJECTION M'LUD. MY CLIENT SHOULDN'T HAVE TO ANSWER THAT QUESTION. IT CAN HAVE NO BEARING ON THE PROCEEDINGS.
IT'S AN UNNECESSARY INTRUSION INTO HIS PRIVATE PAST.. A MALICIOUS ATTEMPT TO UNDERMINE HIS CREDIBILITY IN THE COURT AND WITH THE PUBLIC AT LARGE.
OBJECTION OVERRULED. ANSWER THE QUESTION PLEASE MR BLOKE. YOU ARE UNDER OATH.
WHAT IS YOUR REAL NAME?
ARTHUR GILBERT SCRIVENS.
BLUSH

THE EYE

Friday, August 31, 1990 22p

OOPS!

SORRY RUPE!

YESTERDAY when we printed this photo of Rupert Murdoch relaxing naked in his garden with an old flame under the headline RUPE GETS HIS LEG OVER we had no idea that we had made a mistake.

In fact at the time the long-distance photograph was taken Mr Murdoch had just heard the tragic news that the circulation of the *Sun* had fallen by over 100,000.

We now realise that his companion was merely comforting a distraught Press Tycoon as only she knew how, by removing her clothes and encouraging him to do the same as a relaxation technique.

The *Eye* says: Sorry Rupe, we boobed. Please accept our deepest condolences at your loss of circulation.

ON OTHER PAGES

Rupe's Love-Romps with Mystery Blonde. Porn-Again Nudist goes bonking mad p.3

Unfunny cartoon by Franklinogood p.7

New from the Eye

Yes, It's Royal Opera House Rhyming Slang!

Don Quichotte	**Costs a lot**
Grand Tier	**Extremely dear**
Bernard Haitink	**Time for a drink**
Puccini	**Dry Martini**
Bottled Beer	**Rosenkavalier**
Wagner's Ring	**Fat people sing**
Corporate Booking	**Fat people not looking**
Bizet's Carmen	**Gay barmen**
Isaacs, Jerry	**Medium sherry**
Barber of Seville	**Cash in the till**
Royal Box	**Expensive chocs**
Don Giovanni	**Makes lots of money**
Placido Domingo	**Can't speak the lingo**
Encore	**Terrific bore**

(That's enough slang, Ed.)

Apology

The State of Israel

In recent years we, in common with all other newspapers, may have inadvertently given the impression that the Israelis were a brutal, callous and repressive occupying power, depriving the innocent Palestinians of their homeland. We further may from time to time have indicated that Mr Shamir was in some sense an unscrupulous former terrorist with a moustache and a total contempt for human rights. We may also have alleged that Palestinians were the helpless victims of a ruthless and dictatorial regime, and deserved the support and sympathy of the entire world in their wholly legitimate and moderate struggle to effect lasting change in the Middle East.

We now realise that the Palestinians, under their crazed terrorist leader Yasser Arafat, are in fact a bunch of bloodthirsty Muslim lunatics who need to be kept in order by any means available.

We also accept that Mr Shamir is a saintly, warm-hearted and wise leader whose firm and courageous stand against the massed force of Husseinite-Pan Arab Fascism is the only hope for civilisation as we know it.

We would like to offer our profound and heartfelt apologies to the State of Israel for any misunderstandings caused by our articles and stress that the sooner Mossad sends in a crack squad of Israeli paratroopers to liquidate President Saddam Hussein the happier we shall all be.

IN THE SALEROOM

Pop stars' underpants fetch record price

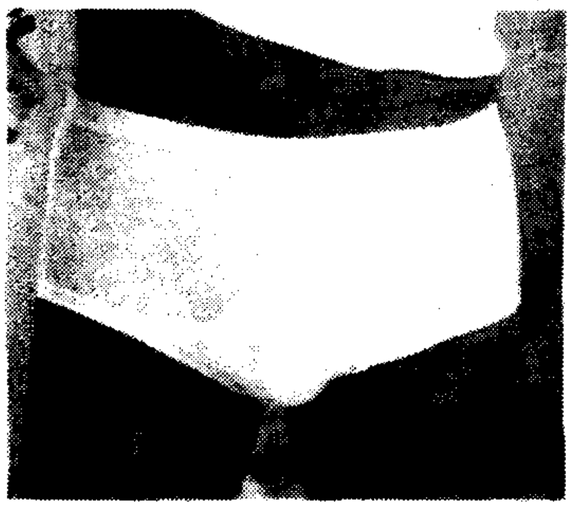
by Our Auction Room Staff
Geraldine Normal

A pair of Y-front style Marks & Spencer Jockey underpants, formerly the property of Mr Spiggy Topes, leader of the Turds, a popular singing group, was sold today for a record £75,000.

The pants were bought by the Museum of Contemporary Folk Artefacts of New Dworkin, Mass, after strong bidding by Sokitumi, the Japanese Whales-to-Walkman conglomerate.

Said Mr Graydon B. Spycatcher Junior, the curator of the New Dworkin Museum: "We are delighted with our new acquisition. It is an important cultural totem and a valuable addition to our collection of Topesiana."

There was, however, some controversy over the provenance of the underpants. The Chairman of Gnomeby's, Lord "Grey" Gnobody, said: "Our experts in the Topes department have examined the pants very closely indeed and there can be no doubt that these are the very Y-Fronts that Topes wore whilst recording the immortal *Semolina Man in the Sky* in 1967."



Also sold were a 1963 bus ticket to Abbey Road said to have been bought by Michael Jackson for £125,000 and a toothbrush (with traces of paste) which may have been used by the late Marianne Marsbar. A 25ft square gouache painting of *The Titanic Turds* executed in 1964 by the Chinese painter Fan Ton Ee failed to reach its reserve price of 8p.

A Taxi Driver writes

A new series in which country cab-drivers are invited to give their views on issues of topical interest.

This week: **Tom Denning**, of Denning's Whitchurch Taxi Service (airports and weddings by arrangement). Cab No. 7.

You see they've let another lot of they IRA bastards out — the Birmingham Six, or the Guilty Four, or whatsoever they may be called? I reckon they was guilty as sin, you know that just by looking at them. No matter whomsoever they are, say I, they must be guilty. I mean, there's no smoke without fire. The only way to deal with people like that is to string 'em up, and then there would be no fretting and fussing about whether they were innocent or no, which they may well have been. Indeed, they presumably were, but that is no reason not to hang them.

It's ours not to reason why, that's what I say.

I had that A.N. Wilson in the back of the cab once. He had his tape recorder running, the slimy little German Jew. You know what I'd do with him? I'd string him up.

Here's Micheldever Station now, Sir, and if I'm not mistaken there's your train to London pulling away. Oh dearie me, if I hadn't been going on about this and that we would have caught it comfortably...

NEXT WEEK: Tom Denning takes it all back.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles and Diana are holidaying in Spain.

Now read on...

"COME ON, Diana, race you to the pontoon!" The broken English of Prince Stavros of Dalmatia rang out, and the sound of two splashing bodies followed, accompanied by happy laughter and shouts of encouragement from the throng on the deck of the Royal Spanish Yacht, *Los Torremolinos*.

Charles sat glumly in the darkened interior of the main cabin, looking through the porthole at the scenes of sunlit merriment. He could see Diana like a graceful nymph breasting the azure blue waters of Cap Paella whilst Prince Stavros's muscular suntanned body forged ahead towards the raft, where an afternoon party was in full swing. Princess Legovia of Monaco was already topless, stretched out in the sun like a lithe bronze lizard. And her companion Hõberon Waugh, the glamorous editor of the Spanish edition of *The Literary Review* (*Los Revistos y Literarios*), was pouring champagne from an ice bucket and offering it to the revellers.

Charles got up, and again felt a twinge in his arm. Dr Merrydown had assured him that the natural birdsnest and wattle cast with the rosehip and nettle pill supplement would restore him to normal health. But here he was, weeks later, with his arm still in a sling, unable to write, paint, or even play the 'cello. It really was... appalling.

Charles's thoughts were interrupted by the cheery tones of his second cousin King Juan Carlos.

"For why so sad, mi amigo?" beamed the popular monarch who had singlehandedly dragged his country into the 20th century with his winning combination of popular democracy and old world charm.

Before Charles could answer, the King patted him rather too affectionately on the arm. Charles flinched with pain.

"Ah, si, si, señor. It ees the old problems, no? Yes?"

Charles hated to admit it, even to an old friend, but the arm was getting him down.

Sensing his thoughts, the King poured two large glasses of ice-cold Guernica Con Limonados from a flask on the built-in bar.

Juan Carlos handed Charles a glass and looked out of the porthole, where they could now see Prince Stavros giving his cousin the nubile Countess Nigella von Mercedes a piggyback ride and challenging Diana and her partner, the Brazilian Grand Prix driver Fangio di Banjo to a jousting tournament on the swaying raft.

The King gulped the ice-cold liqueur.

"You cheer up, my friend. You and I are too old for los fun and games. We crave the higher pleasures, the deeper satisfactions, of *La vida maturos*, as we say in my country."

Charles took a tentative sip of the resinous liquid. It reminded him a little of Dr Merrydown's herbal remedy for indigestion. It was rather good, actually, sort of tangy... thingy... mmm... Perhaps he would have another glass.

The King turned to Charles.

"I have a surprise for you." He lifted his finger to his lips. "But just between you and me. Our little secret, comprendes? Be ready at seven o'clock."

CHARLES was ready at seven o'clock, standing by the wrought-iron gates of the magnificent Castille di Benidorm. The King was on time, and soon they were speeding in the gleaming Hispano-Suzyquatro across the arid plains of the Sierra Nabarro, with its orange trees, Moorish villages and ancient churches glowing red in the technicolour sunset.

"This is the heart of my country," Juan Carlos said proudly as he steered the powerful ten-cylinder machine through the dusty streets, scattering donkeys and peasants in flamenco costumes. Some recognised their King as the car ran over them, and they cheered "Viva El Constitutionale Monarcho! Viva Tourismo!"

Charles was thrilled by it all — there he could see a donkey standing by an ancient windmill. It would make a wonderful watercolour. The car sped on, destination still unknown.

The King would not be drawn, but soon they came upon a huge excited crowd entering a large stadium on the outskirts of a town. Charles thought it looked like an old Roman Coliseum thingie. Perhaps the surprise was an opera? Charles rather liked opera. What was that one called... *Nessum Doorman...*?

The King led him hurriedly into the building through a dark corrida, up a flight of stairs, and then suddenly they both emerged into the Royal Box overlooking the floodlit arena.

A huge cheer erupted as Charles looked down to see a man in a gold uniform chopping the head off a large black bull with an enormous axe.

"Olé! Olé!" came the cry from a million dusty Spanish throats. Charles fought back the nausea.

"It is the moment of truth, my friend," explained the King.

Charles could hardly contain his disgust. "This isn't just appalling... it's... er... barbaric, inhuman... er... appalling!"

The King looked puzzled.

"I do not understand. Why you say this to me? I arrange it for you specially. Have you forgotten the words of your old amigo and mentore, Don Lorenzo van der Post?"

It was Charles's turn to look puzzled.

"But surely he wouldn't approve of this sort of thing?"

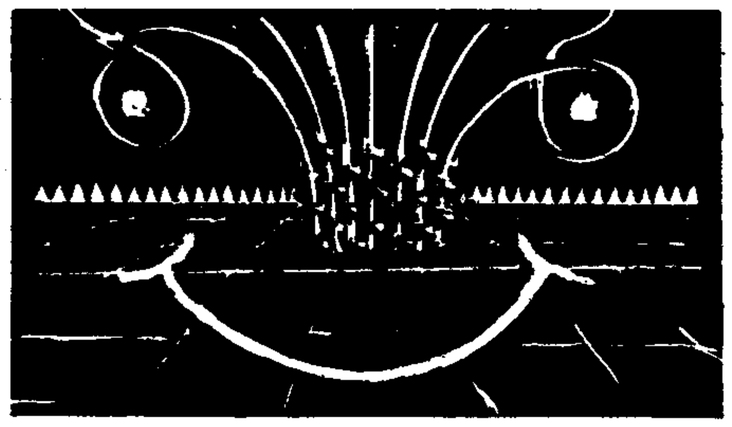
"Oh, no?" cried the King, fishing out a battered old volume from his pocket. "What do we read here in his great book *The Matador and the Blood of Life*?"

Charles took the book and read for himself a passage underlined in red. "When a bull dies, a man lives. It is the oldest custom in the world, and every man must see it before he dies."

In the arena the bull gave a last groan and sank to its knees as the women threw roses onto the blood-drenched sand...

(To be continued)

DIARY



ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Doobeedoo Beedoobeedoo Doobeedoodoo. Sorry, I just can't stop loving music, I'm very sorry but I can't. If I have a fault, it's that I'm ruled by my passion for music.

Doobeedoo Beedoobeedoo. Magic. It reminds me of that great line in *J.C. Superstar*. How does it go? That's right: J.C. — sorry, Jesus Christ — is on top of Mount Sinai, utterly alone and surrounded by dry ice, and he frankly doesn't know what's hit him, but what he does know, frankly, is that he still loves music. So he sings:

Born the Son of a Carpenter
It's a funny thing
Others like to fish or pray
But I just love to sing

and at that precise moment the entire company appears from out of the mountain with this literally amazing chorus:

Your name is Jeeeeeee-Suuuuuuuus
It's not Terry or Andy or Rod
And because your name is
Jeeeeeee-Suuuuuuuus
We know you're the So-on of Go-od!

Knockout. Bit of a sidetrack there — or do I mean soundtrack?!! — but I wanted to show you how I just can't get great music out of my head — even if I wanted to! Great lyrics, too. I still maintain that Tim Rice is the greatest lyricist we've got, and I'm hoping to be working with him — smashing bloke incidentally — on a musical about Gandhi early in the new year.

The Gandhi musical's under wraps at the moment but I think I'm allowed to reveal just something of the opening chorus. Gandhi — played by Stratford John, beautiful voice, incidentally, lovely pitch — is slapping on the old Ambre Solaire in Tahiti (that's where we've re-set it, by the way. India just didn't *feel* right) — when his cortege of dusky beauties (he's not a spiritual leader any more: we thought a movie mogul would be more in keeping) comes in with this fabulous chorus:

Isn't it just dan-dy
That this beach is aw-fully san-dy
And as sweet as sugar can-dy
Is our dear Mahatma Gan-dhi
And his lo-o-o-o-vely lady Man-dy!

Then the new "lovely lady" in my own life, Miss Madeleine Gurdon — better known as Gurtie! — comes on, riding a real, live horse. She plays Mandy, the only girl in the world who understands the nature of the genius of Gandhi, who's fighting for his people to be given back their own landi. It's a marvellous opportunity for Gurtie to show the world of musical theatre what she's capable of as a show-jumper, and I'm convinced that she'll leap straight to the top of the list of horsewomen in the modern musical, thus gaining the wider fame she so richly deserves. And we have strong hopes, too, that Gurtie's favourite horse, Sprinter, will be in line for a leading role in the movie of *Evita*, now in production, probably in the part of Ché Guevara, though some tip him for the title role, originally made famous by Miss Elaine Paige.

As the whole world knows by now, I've recently been the subject of a rather interesting new haircut, and it's all part of a fresher, brighter, younger Lloyd Webber. Gurtie — that's Miss Madeleine Gurdon, who is what they choose to call my "constant companion" — is to blame, folks! She's created a new Lloyders — laid-back, young-at-heart, kinda kasual, sorta sexy, but still every bit the perfectionist. We decided on this "change of image" because we found that visiting Garden Centres I was being too often mistaken for a gnome, and, as you might imagine, this was presenting problems to the check-out girls, who were unable to find a price-tag or bar-code number on my behind. Gurtie tells me that the new haircut is a great improvement, and, combined with a new, slinky-look tee-shirt and the very latest in lightweight "loon pants", I'm told I look like the leading man in *Kismet*. Or was it Kermit? I forget.

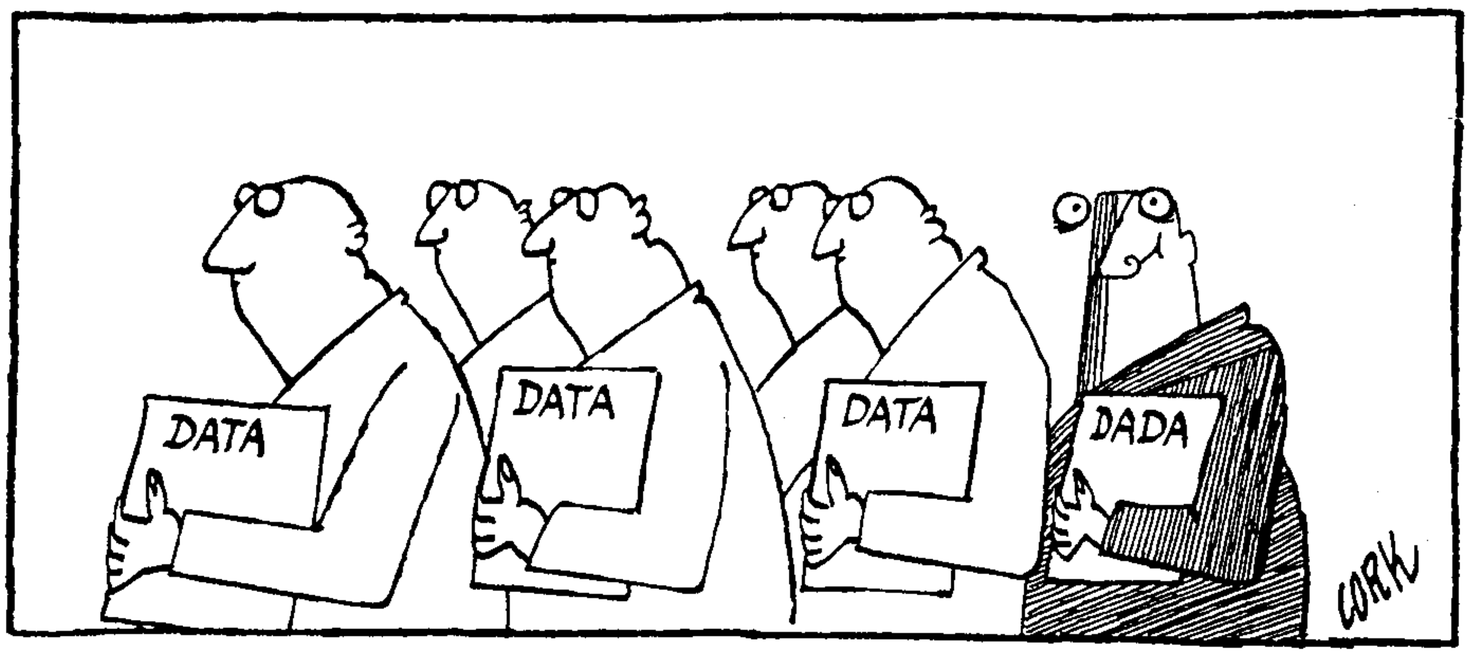
I'm used to the knockers by now (not yours, Gurtie, boom, boom, whoops! Pardon me!) but I find it a bit rich when they start having a go at me for producing *Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini*, which is now, please note, riding high in the charts. Of course, some of my more highbrow critics don't approve (frankly, do they ever?), suggesting that a timeless song like *Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini* is lessened by contact with silly throwaway pieces such as *Aspects* and *Requiem*. I hate the word "genius", but I do think that if you happen to be one you should be able to do a variety of things, all of them summed up in one word: tremendously exciting.

You've probably noticed photographs of me and Gurtie in the company of the Duke and Duchess of York, super couple. No doubt there are those who are already suggesting that I am a toadying little social climber who will do anything for a lick of Royal b.t.m. I feel I should warn such types that I have instructed my libel lawyers to come down hard on anyone who dares to print such allegations. The truth of the matter is that the four of us share a really great sense of humour. For instance, the last time we barbecued with the Yorks, Gurtie and Fergie and Andy were all in hoots as they forced Webbie (that's me, folks!) to plunge his "plonker" into a tub of cold custard. I saw the joke, I really did, I led the laughter, absolutely, and I was the first to go into utter giggles when they then told me to stuff an old sock in my mouth and sing an old Petula Clark number while they all threw light objects — lumps of coal, cheap glasses, pokers — in my direction. Super fun.

We played the game three years ago, and my forfeit was Prince Edward. This time, I've agreed to write *Budgie the Little Helicopter — The Musical*, which I am at present composing with HRH The Duchess of York. She is in fact a very talented lyricist, as witness:

I may be smudgie
And I like eating Fudgie
Let's hope the weather's not too sludgie
Tomorrow because I'm Little Budgie
The Helicopter, gie, gie, gie, gie
(chorus) *Jesus Christ Soooooooperstar*
You'd get it wrong if you called me a car
And as for fortune and as for fame,
Budgie the Helicopter's my na-a-a-ame!

With Roger Moore playing Budgie the Helicopter, I think we have what is known as a winner on our hands.



Now legal experts at Colchester council have been asked to decide if the 1966 planning permission to use the land as an airbase is still valid.

If it is, the club hopes to move to Wormingford in early August.

"We are not flying in the face of planners," said club chairman, Mr Paul Riee.

Essex County Standard

DOG Basket, burns logs or coal; £30.- 051-920 7268.

Literary Review

Ford Bollox Ford

Wildlife
Richard Ford
(Collins Harvill, £12.50; £6.95)

IN THE LAST couple of years book reviewers have got younger and so book reviewers' prejudices have changed.

Middleaged or old writers of modest abilities — Margaret Drabble, Iris Murdoch say — have suddenly found their books rudely rebuffed after 20 years of fawning from their contemporaries, themselves ejected from their positions.

The younger critics who have replaced them naturally believe they are free from any such unthinking fealties. They ain't, of course. It's only that time has not yet revealed them for what they are.

What these sprigs have in common is a belief that English fiction is shagged out (or daintier words to that effect) whereas American fiction is bigcocked and bouncing (ditto).

In its higher forms this involves some argument that American English is living and vital in a way that middle-class English English is not, now. In its dimmer ones, it's just that it's a lot more fun to read about mobile homes in Mississippi and Oldsmobiles in Montana than it is to read about concrete campuses in the Midlands and tatty squats in Lambeth.

Every young book reviewer and *Arena*-reader is barmy about the "dirty realists" promoted by Bill Buford in *Granta*. Every one worships the late Raymond Carver and adulates his successor and mate, Richard Ford. In a few years, or sooner, these tastes will look as quaint as the vogue enjoyed by the hoolahoop.

Like Saul Bellow's last two books, Richard Ford's new novel, *Wildlife*, is really just a short story dressed up as a book. It is also self-parodically poor. You wouldn't know it from the reviews. In the *Sunday Correspondent* James Wood called him "the leading storyteller of his generation"; in the *Sunday Times* Penny Perrick gushed "Every sentence Ford writes illuminates"; in the *Independent* Anthony Quinn was asked to make an unenthusiastic review enthusiastic by the literary editor, Robert Winder.

Ford made his name in this country with *The Sportswriter* (quite a good book ripped off from Walker Percy's brilliant one, *The Moviegoer*, written 20 years before). It's the maundering reflections of one aimless man, Frank Boscombe.

As one character's voice this was okay. What *Wildlife* catastrophically shows is that it's the only one Ford can do.

Wildlife is about a 16-year-old boy, Joe, watching his parent's marriage break up. Absurdly everybody in it, including the boy, not to mention the birds in the air, talks Fordese about Life and Luck and Happiness and Going Wrong, all the time. Existential questions are chewed over in the vocabulary of a dimwitted cowboy. Sub-Hemingway, sub-Brando, it's about as authentic as a 501 ad.

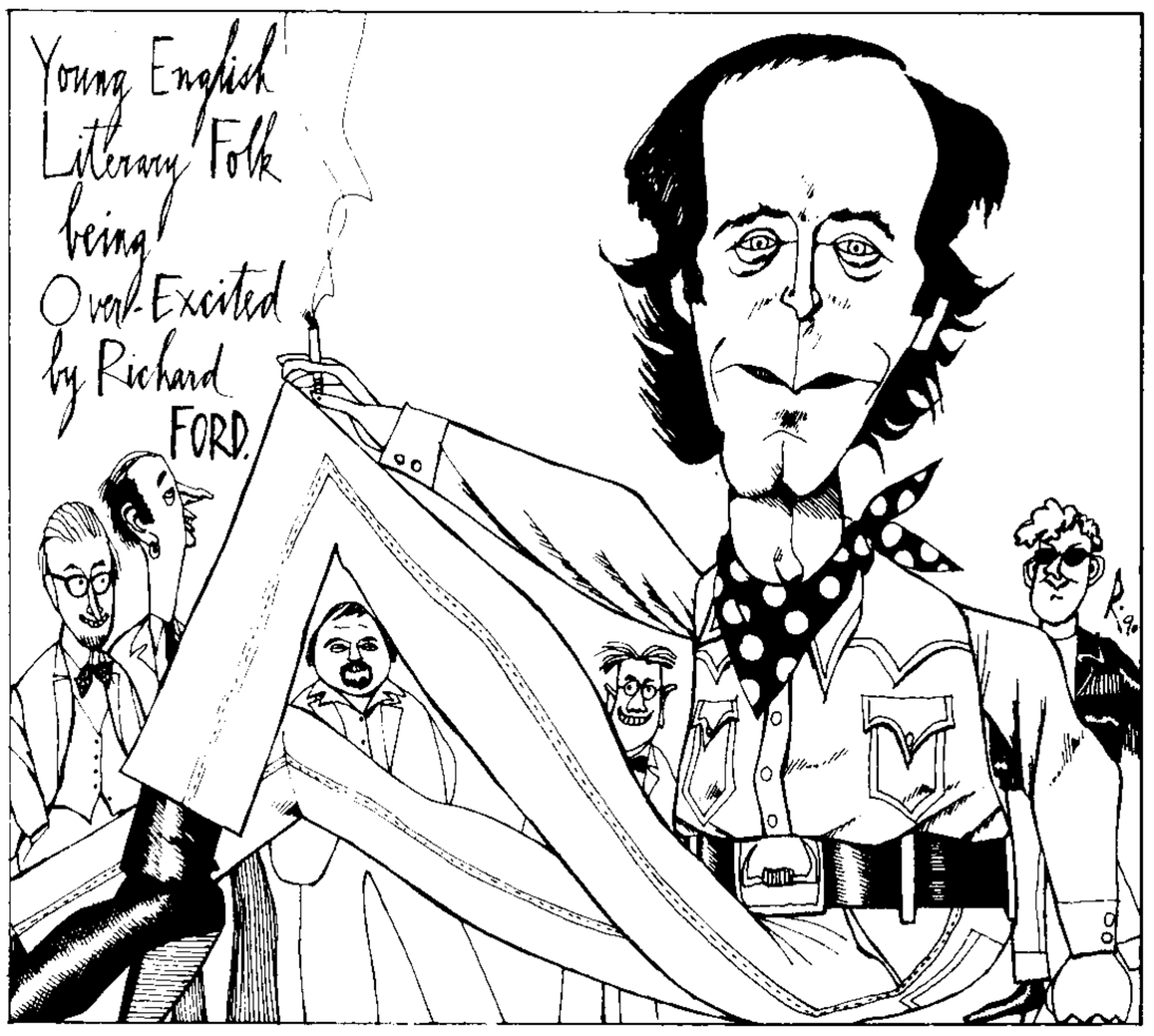
It's a succession of sub-philosophical little speeches. Dad tells his boy: "Everything seems arbitrary. You step outside your life and everything seems like something you choose. Nothing seems very natural."

The boy himself tells the story of his mother's lover in ludicrous Brando-esque cadences. "Maybe, I thought, he was not to blame for kissing my mother and holding her dress up over her hips. Maybe that's all he could do. Maybe no one was to blame for that, or for much of what happened to anyone."

So infectious is this rubbish that when the boy sees a wee boidy out of the window he credits it with a Fordian crisis of identity. "It just sat as though it was waiting for something to start to happen that would give it a reason to move or to fly or even look in one direction or the other." Feathered twat.

Ford has an incredibly overworked vocabulary. "Thing", "anything", "something", "nothing", "maybe", "happiness", "sadness", "luck", "life", "light" — these words are combined into sentences like symbols in a slot machine. "Words" is another Ford word, of course. "And there are words, significant words, you do not want to say, words that account for busted-up lives, words that try to fix something ruined that shouldn't be ruined and no one wanted ruined, and that words can't fix anyway..." And so cretinously on.

This isn't vigour, it's decadence.



Our critics are yet more decadent for admiring it. *Wildlife* is Adrian Mole, aged 16-and-a-half, taken seriously. So what if Americans believe the *Of Mice and Men* delusion — that the harder you find it to be articulate the more true and moving you are? That way lies Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Books & Bookmen

■ JACK ROMANOS of Simon & Schuster in New York has been in London recently trying to persuade an experienced and well-regarded British publisher to accept the job of heading up, as the Americans have it, the new UK mass market Pocket Books imprint.

Romanos, not a literary man, is said to have offered the job first to Sir Thomas Maschler, then to Virago Callil, both denizens of Anthony Ceetham's Random Century.

Sir Thomas assures me he hasn't spoken to anyone at Simon & Schuster for 10 years, which is hardly to deny he was offered the job. As to Dame Carmen, a notice has appeared on every floor in Cheatum House, except for the Chatto & Windus one, appealing for contributions to enable Carmen to leave.

☐ EVER SINCE Billy "Born Free" Collins died the publishing house that bore his name (now humiliatingly changed to HarperCollins) has been in disarray. The London lunching mafia is kept going only by the spartan frugality of the Bibles and reference books divisions in Glasgow.

At a meeting of the tarnished top brass there recently it was noted that hardman Eddie Bell was returning to the UK in September from the New York branch to prepare to take over as top man in London from decent Terry Kitson. A dour Glaswegian voice from Bishopbriggs asked that it be minuted that, to a man (women don't feature much in the Collins hierarchy since Sonia "Paddington Bear" Land was purged) the imminent return of Eddie Bell was regarded with dismay. This was duly minuted.

The London staff are not much keener. Bell's reputation for spending huge amounts of money on advances (Jeffrey Archer, Fay Weldon, etc) and then moving firms before they have to be recouped is legendary.

■ *JULIA MACRAE is the doyenne of children's publishing. She worked at Constable, Collins and Hamish Hamilton before starting her eponymous imprint, Julia MacRae Books, under the aegis of American publishers Franklin Watts.*

In 1987 she was wooed away by Sebastian Walker, the bearded boy of children's publishing. "Everybody in children's publishing was inclined to be antagonistic towards him — including me, though I had no reason to be," La MacRae confided to Liz Thomson, Publishing News' answer to the Spectator's A.N. Wilson, in an interview which appeared in the issue of 13 April.

MacRae gushed on: "I felt that everything that was happening that was good for children's books was happening there, at Walker. I love this company. This is me until I'm put out to grass."

Last week La MacRae did something (no one yet quite knows what) which enraged the ballet-loving St Sebastian. He summoned her into his office and instantly became hysterical, grabbing a pile of plastic bags and threatening to stifle her. Then he picked up a heavy cardboard tube, filled with artwork, and hurled it across the desk at the bewildered Julia. He screamed at her to leave the Vauxhall Walk offices immediately, never to return, then commandeered her company car and stopped her August salary cheque. She meanwhile arranged for photographs to be taken of the injuries she had sustained as a result of St Sebastian's arrows.

'Bookworm'

SNIPCOCK & TWEED
THESE 'BOOKS ON TAPE' ARE A TERRIFICALLY GOOD IDEA....
TWEED
SIR JOHN GUILGUD READS THE SNIPCOCK BOOK OF GAZZA
IT MEANS ONE PERSON READS THE BOOK, ANYWAY
SIR JOHN GUILGUD.

Channel Tunnel

Stake ta-ta

EUROTUNNEL has at last accepted that the key argument it has been using to squeeze another £2 billion from the banks has failed.

The belief was that the banks would have to increase their stake because they had no alternative if they ever wanted to see any of their money back. There were, after all, no assets to seize as compensation.

But the banks, having agreed that extra money should be raised, have only produced an extra £1.1 billion. The error made by an increasingly desperate Alistair Morton, chief executive of Eurotunnel, was to think that the £850 million the banks have already invested meant it was impossible for them to withdraw. But with the load shared by 208 banks, the average loss would be only £4 million each — and they could all face losing that much more easily than explaining why they spent yet more money.

The *Eye* has been forecasting for months that Morton's attempt to raise another £2,500 million would fail but it gives us no pleasure — well, not much pleasure — to see our warning come true. The problem is that the tunnel was supposed to cost £4.8 billion but has risen to £7.5 billion. Because no one has much confidence in that figure, an extra £1 billion has been added, making a grand total of £8.5 billion. That is the maximum at which the tunnel could repay investors before joining the Humber Bridge Club — the select group of projects that will never earn as much as the interest they have to pay on loans.

Morton needed £2 billion more from the banks by the end of August, followed by a £500 million share issue in the autumn. The poor man must now not only find the money; he also needs to write a glowing new prospectus to encourage investors.

There were those who supported Eurotunnel who hoped the crunch could be delayed until after something helpful happened at No 10 — like the departure of Thatch. Though she pushed through the idea of a tunnel and signed the Channel Tunnel Act which forbids public funding, if she were to decamp to Dulwich and be replaced by a pragmatic smoothie, a way could be found to make the public pay. Alas, she's still there.

The French of course might be inclined to produce more money but their banks are groaning over the amount owing to them from Iraq. So where can Morton turn?

Colin Stannard, head of the project unit when the idea was launched, says American banks might be persuadable. They stayed out at the launch because they had problems with domestic and Latin American debts. They have cleared most of those, mostly by write-offs, so they are wide open to acquiring new bad debts and are used to not getting their money back.

Previously the issue for the American banks had been the completion of the tunnel. Now, according to Stannard, the big question will be whether Eurotunnel can run a railway.

Inevitably, after the hassles of the last two years, there are questions in the air about Morton's ability to create the calm, reassuring atmosphere needed for the smooth running of a railway. He might yet settle, albeit temporarily, for the idea launched in the *Eye* on 8 June — namely the mousehole solution.

That means taking the service tunnel, due to be completed this autumn, as the end of the first stage and to stop work until more money is available. The service tunnel is large enough to be used for passenger trains — one in each direction every half hour or so.

P&O

Monopoly money

HOW CONFIDENT is Sir Jeffrey Sterling, chairman of P&O, which owns the Olympia and Earl's Court exhibition centres, about the verdict of a Monopolies and Mergers Commission investigation into allegations of tied electrical contracts in the exhibition industry?

The MMC recently reported that restrictive practices by contractors like P&O's wholly-owned subsidiary, Ecando, should be ended. The inspectors concluded that the P&O practices operated against the public interest. (Readers may recall that P&O was investigated by the MMC last year when it applied to run a monopoly cross-Channel ferry service with Sealink.)

While Sir Jeffrey no doubt hopes his friends in Downing Street and Westminster will overturn the free market recommendations made by Nicholas Ridley when he was trade secretary, worried exhibitors are wondering how safe it is to take valuables into Sir Jeff's halls.

Last summer so much equipment was stolen from the Music Fair at Olympia that organiser Larry Westland considered hiring his own security guards. John Glanfield, hall manager at Olympia said the official security was up to scratch.

Though Olympia now has its own uniformed squaddies, Sterling Guards, named after Sir Jeff and "backed up by the resources of P&O — a name synonymous with quality and integrity", say the ads, serious thefts continue.

After the Period Homes Show in January, Sterling Guards manager Alan Jardine told one victim: "I cannot understand your problem. It's absolutely amazing. We do not have a problem with theft. It's unique." Four months later, after the theft of nearly £100,000 of antiques from the Fine Art and Antiques Fair at Olympia, he repeated parrot-fashion the official line: "It's unique."

So at this summer's Music Fair, after Sterling's chocolate soldiers let a sneak thief escape with a £400 item, trade magazine editor Peter Cotterell walked out with a large guitar case under the nose of one of the guards. Jardine reassuringly tells victims: "I am ex-CID. My slate is clean. I have been decorated by the Queen."

Swanyard Studios

RAI of light

OLD HARROVIAN spiv Roderick Alexander Innes Hamilton (known as RAI), who had to relinquish his control of share-dealing firm Tudorbury Securities at the insistence of FIMBRA, is currently attracting the attention of the Department of Trade and Industry over his involvement in a company that has raised more than £5 million from public shareholders.

Swanyard Studios plc, which operates a recording studio, was launched on the Third Market in January 1988. At the time of the flotation RAI Hamilton was Swanyard's chairman and his wife, Margarita, its managing director (she has since acquired the title of chairman, too).

Essentially what happened was that before going public, Swanyard invoiced a company controlled by the promoter of Swanyard, RAI Hamilton, for work that had never been done. This second company was funded by Hamilton so that it could meet Swanyard's invoices. On the strength of this bogus transaction, the true nature of which was concealed from Swanyard's auditors, Swanyard's balance sheet appeared healthy, and on the strength of this the issue went ahead.

Sixty million shares were issued at 3p each, raising £1.8 million. This enabled Swanyard to repay borrowings of £1,138,000 to its bankers, principally the Standard Chartered Bank, and released RAI Hamilton from personal guarantees against the various loans. In the three months following the flotation, Hamilton used Tudorbury Securities to hard-sell 38 million Swanyard shares (about 60 per cent of the issue) to its clients at prices as high as 4.25p. With the shares now trading at 1.25p, many of these clients are sitting on heavy losses.

In the prospectus Swanyard's audited turnover for the nine months to the end of September 1987 was given as £707,000, with a profit of £185,000. Of this turnover figure, £313,000 was deemed to be owed by one client, later revealed to be Light and Shade Records Limited. In fact Light and Shade was secretly controlled by RAI Hamilton; it did not owe Swanyard anything like £313,000; and Swanyard was thus trading at a loss.

RAI Hamilton's involvement in Light and Shade was concealed through the use of a nominee shareholder, a French businessman called Jacques Szejer. Funds of £300,100 were injected into Light and Shade in Szejer's name in order to help meet Swanyard's invoices for the £313,000. Twelve months after Swanyard's first public offering, a further £3.56 million was raised from shareholders by means of a rights issue.

Roderick MacDonald, Swanyard's former managing director who had been ousted by Margarita Hamilton in 1986, was amazed when in May 1988 he was shown the prospectus for Swanyard's flotation by a journalist. Later, in September 1988, MacDonald gave a sworn statement to the City of London police in which he cast doubt on the company's accounts for the nine months until 30 September 1987.

In particular there was an income item of £313,000 for the use of the studio on contingent payment terms. This usually means income to be derived not from a major record company but from an artist who may or may not obtain a recording contract. Until August 1986 when MacDonald left Swanyard, it had never received any income from this highly speculative sort of work. According to MacDonald, the idea of one of the Swanyard's clients "using recording facilities to the sum of £313,000 is in my experience impossible. Hire for a recording studio of this type is typically £1,000 per day. There is often a 20 per cent discount if the studio business is slow. These figures would show that a single studio would have to be manned for over 313 days of the year." Since the studio had other paying clients in this period, MacDonald considered it inconceivable that there would have been sufficient time available for this particular client.

The £313,000 contingent payment was to be made by a recording company called Light and Shade Records. On further investigation MacDonald found that this had as its officers a Kathryn Horbye (Margarita Hamilton's sister) and John Travlos (Margarita and Kathryn's cousin). Supposedly, a Zimbabwean musician called Alton Edwards had used Swanyard Studios for £313,000-worth of time, but studio staff couldn't remember him having spent more than a couple of weeks there.

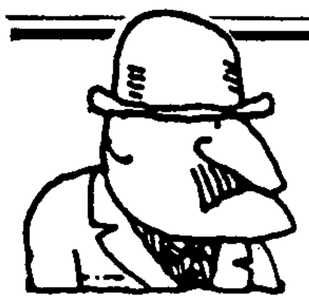
Indeed, studio employee William Lyle told DTI investigators that Edwards had not used the studio to anything like the extent that Swanyard had claimed; he also told them that Margarita Hamilton had forced him to sign various false timesheets for Light and Shade on pain of losing his job. This had been shortly before the public offering.

In April of this year Robert Speirs, a former managing director of Tudorbury Securities, handed over to the DTI transcripts of phone conversations he had had with a former adviser to RAI Hamilton, struck-off solicitor John Hillman, and also with supposed investor Jacques Szejer.

RAI Hamilton was toldthat the officers of Light and Shade were too close to him and that he would need somebody with whom he had no apparent connections to act as a nominee shareholder. So Hillman introduced Szejer, a long-time friend and his son's godfather, to Hamilton. In his conversation with Speirs, Hillman said that Szejer's £300,100 was "put up... for a short period... it had to be there on the day..." The money was "paid back out again... a round robin... it was there for the issue... it was there for the audit."

Some time later Speirs wrote to, and subsequently had a phone conversation with, Szejer in which the Frenchman stated that he had acted as a nominee for RAI Hamilton as a favour and that he had never invested the £300,100. As Szejer explained, "to put 'em [ie put up the £300,100] I must have them." This, in spite of Companies House filings which say that in March 1988 Szejer had subscribed for 100 Light and Shade shares at a premium of £3,000 each.

Yet when it came to getting out of Light and Shade in March 1989, Szejer agreed to transfer the shares to Alan Bernstein, a discretionary client of RAI Hamilton's, and received a mere £15,000 in return. But he wasn't angry that his investment had shrunk from £300,000 to £15,000 because he had never made the investment in the first place and the £15,000 was a gratuity for having lent his name to the share register on Hamilton's behalf.



In the City

ONCE THE hundred day war of words is over at the Guinness trial, stand by for a different coverage of Ernest Saunders and the other defendants — if they are convicted.

To the readers of some newspapers, particularly but not exclusively the *Sunday Times* and the *Daily Express*, this version may come as something of a surprise. Right up until the time the jury went out they were being fed the "if you have tears to shed, shed them now" version first revealed in *Nightmare*, the book of the Saunders's trial defence.

Especially interesting will be the response to any adverse finding against Saunders from two of Saunders's most loyal supporters, Ivan Fallon of the *Sunday Times* and Kelvin Mackenzie of *The Sun*. The jury will show who was right.

Saunders

HOW surprising that Lord Hanson should decide not, after all, to buy PowerGen, despite the hype from his partner Sir Gordon White who said he would resign if the deal did not go through. It didn't; he won't.

As forecast here, Hanson was to be a stalking horse whose role was to get the price up and so do a big favour for Number Ten. That achieved, Hanson can now bow out. He did not get where he is today by operating businesses in overly regulated industries.

But Hanson and White, as after Westland, might be thought to have potentially a big "marker" which they could call on in any other future deal — such as a return to the more money-making sphere of commercial television.

THE Stock Exchange's anger with Asil Nadir goes back well beyond the present fiasco of the buy-out plan that never was and the probe into Polly Peck share deals by offshore companies.

Stock Exchange investigators first became interested in Nadir in his Wearwell days when the textile company featured in the inquiries that surrounded the collapse of brokers Burge and the walk off Beachy Head by Russell Colin-Jones back in 1978.

Wearwell was one of the shares which was among those dealt in by the Burge dealing ring which specialised in highly profitable "put-throughs" to the benefit of certain unit trust managers and their broker chums.

Nadir was interviewed by the City fraud squad, who carried out a three-year investigation into Burge regarding what he knew about Colin-Jones and his dealing activities. No action was taken against Nadir. Indeed no action was taken against anyone.

DESPITE the confident sounding noises emanating from his camp, creditors of boxing promoter Frank Warren are becoming increasingly cautious. Although his London Arena was refinanced only a few months ago, this does not seem to have eased their concerns. There have been reports of "rubber" cheques being issued by certain Warren companies following the collapse into administration of Rex Williams Leisure. No doubt this was all due to an administrative misunderstanding. All creditors will be paid in full — trust me.

WORD FROM Gibraltar is that Alex Dembeniotis of Four Horseman fame may be about to become the owner of the casino there put on the block as a result of the collapse of Leisure Investment. This will come as no reassurance to the colony's authorities as Dembeniotis was hardly flattered by the Department of Trade & Industry report into Scotia Investment and was involved in the running of the Knightsbridge Sporting Club casino which had its licence taken away by the Gaming Board. Meanwhile his old partner Herbert Towning tells friends that he is back in the banking business backed by Saudi money. A former bankrupt, Towning emerged from David Samuel Trust and Scotia Investments without any sign of pain. He is operating from a Mayfair address and looking for clients.

THOUGH out of the City, former major stock market player Terry Ramsden is still alive and well and dealing away. Canada and Switzerland though are now his chosen bases.

Ramsden's return is no source of satisfaction to his creditors, such as defunct stockbrokers Guy Puckle. Ramsden/Glen's debts have been a cause of some embarrassment to Puckle senior partner Bill Collins and his bankers. Legal action is already in the wind. Meanwhile the Serious Fraud Office continues its investigation into Ramsden with no clear sign as to when or indeed if "Tel" can expect a call from the inspector.

CORRUPT bank manager Derek Foster looks to have got away with the up to £400,000 he pocketed for loans made while heading the Hong Kong & Shanghai Banking Corporation's subsidiary in Jersey.

After the collapse of the criminal case against him last April — a corruption charge involving £100,000 was stayed by an Old Bailey judge because of the passage of time since the 1982 offence — the Director of Public Prosecutions considered bringing the charge again via a voluntary bill of indictment.

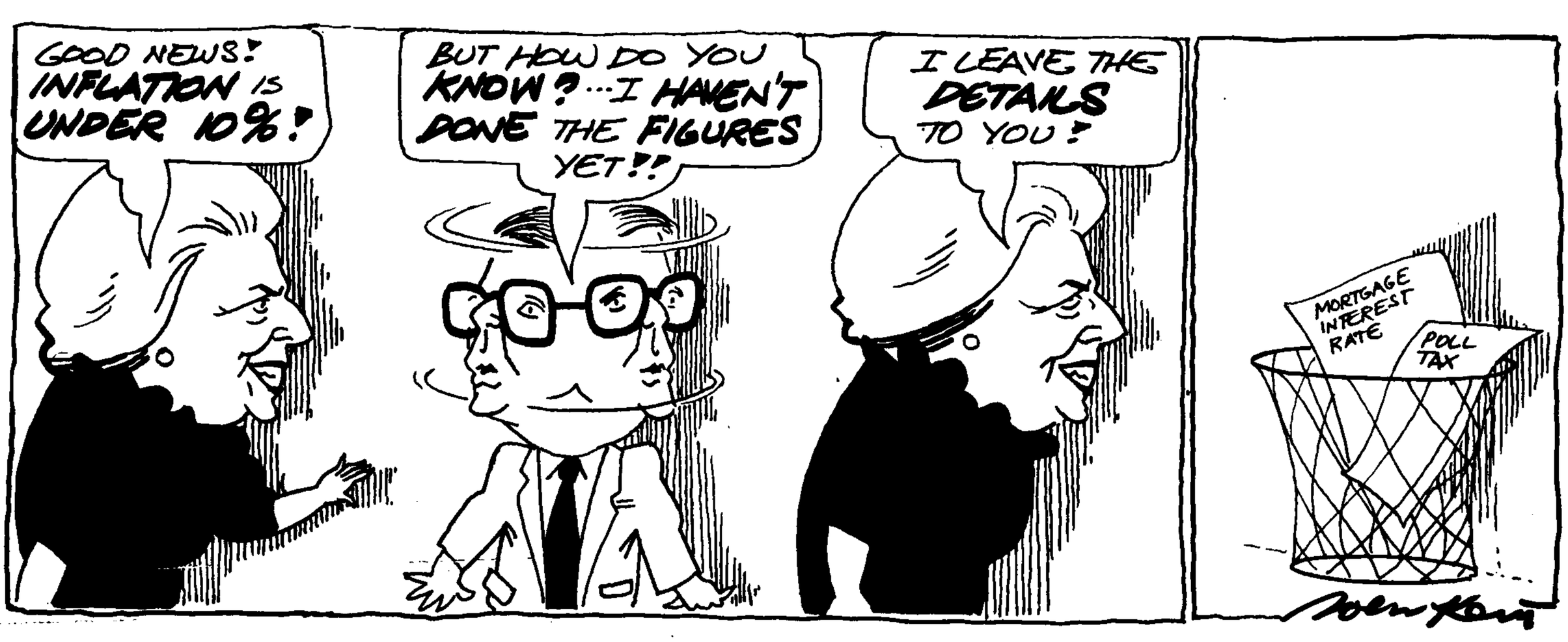
This was possible because the judge had reluctantly taken the action of staying but not dismissing the prosecution, saying that on the evidence there was a case to answer. The DPP had stressed that delay had been caused not by any lack of speed by Scotland Yard, but by delays caused first by the Jersey authorities and then by the time it took to unravel the offshore arrangements through which Foster hid the loot in a Dutch bank.

But after considering that option the DPP has finally decided not to proceed. Following that decision, HKSB, which has pressed for action, has itself thrown in the towel and decided not to sue Foster for the losses he caused and the bribes he took.

All that remains now is for Foster successfully to appeal his 1989 conviction and £45,000 fine in Jersey for the £36,500 bribe he took that cost the bank £400,000 when it overpaid for the site of its local headquarters. Who says crime does not pay?

'Slicker'

MAGGIE RULES OK' BY JOHN KENT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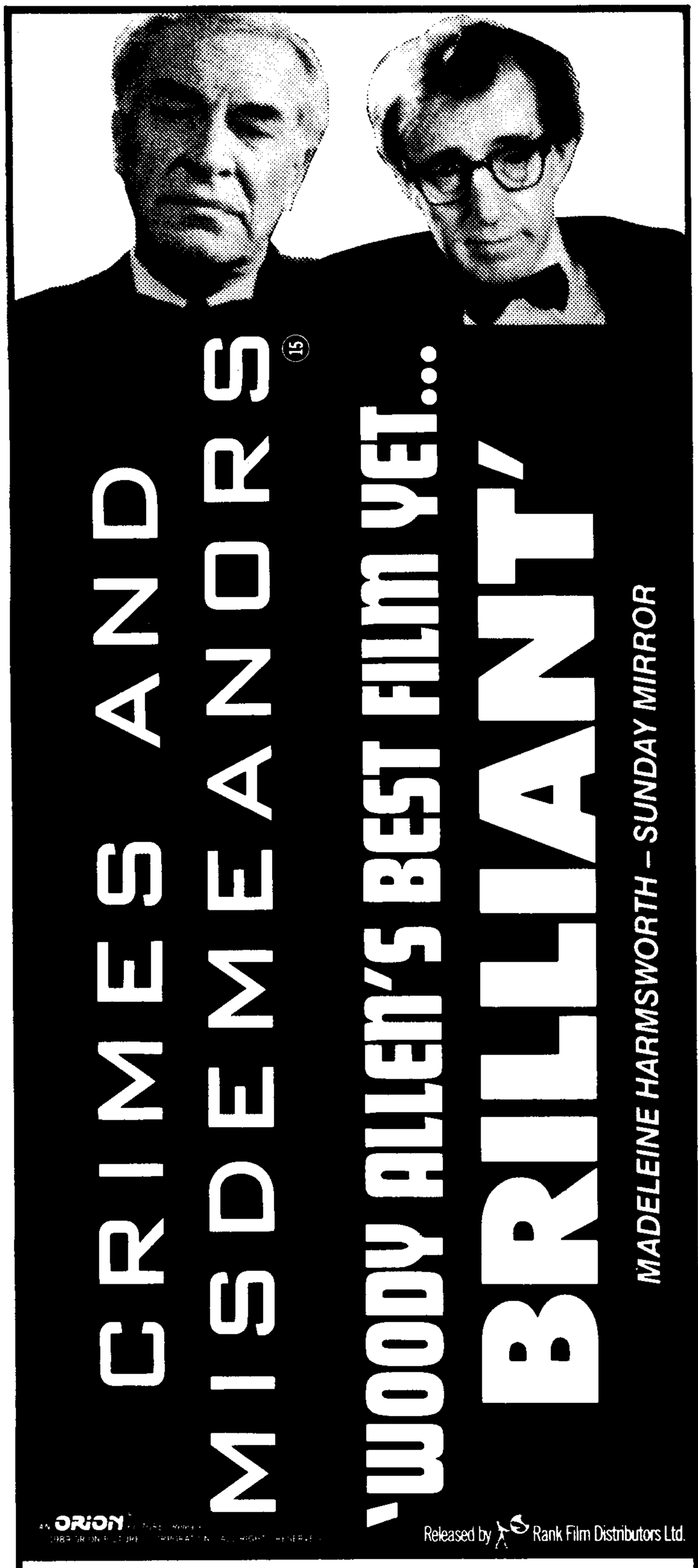

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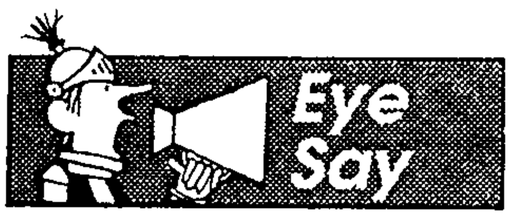

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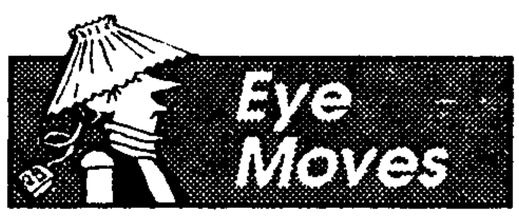

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THE FOREMOST JOURNAL of strange phenomena — sample copy £2 from FORTEAN TIMES (P), 20 Paul Street, Frome, Somerset BA11 1DX.

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TAKE ME, I'm yours! Bloke, 31, needs rescuing. 6'2", solvent. No ties, financial, emotional or neck. I ain't fussy but if you're a tall, lady, that'd be just fine. (My Mum says I'm handsome.) Sussex coast. Box 11549.

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PROFESSIONAL female, 26, seeks older man for steaming affair. London area. Box 8449.

ACADEMIC, 37, dark, 5'10", non-smoker, conventional, seeks kind, affectionate lady, 28-35 for friendship, hopefully lasting relationship. Children no objection. London, S.E. Box 8549.

BORED, young investment analyst (23) seeks bored, older housewife for physical affair. SW-London, Surrey. Box 8649.

SUCCESSFUL businessman seeks suspender clad, naughty lady to accompany him on private yacht at weekends, must have passport. Photo please. Box 8749.

RIDICULOUSLY overworked, professional male, 29, real nice chap, 1.60 m, going to waste, seeks interesting N/S girlfriend for romance, fun and weekends away, ideas/suggestions welcome! Leeds/London. Box 8849.

KENT/LONDON/SE. Tall, divorced professional man, 49, likes music, theatre, books, seeks woman for sharing these and other pleasures. Box 8949.

SUCCESSFUL city businessman, 35, seeks attractive female to spend weekends in his country retreat (Wiltshire). Photo and phone please. Box 9049.

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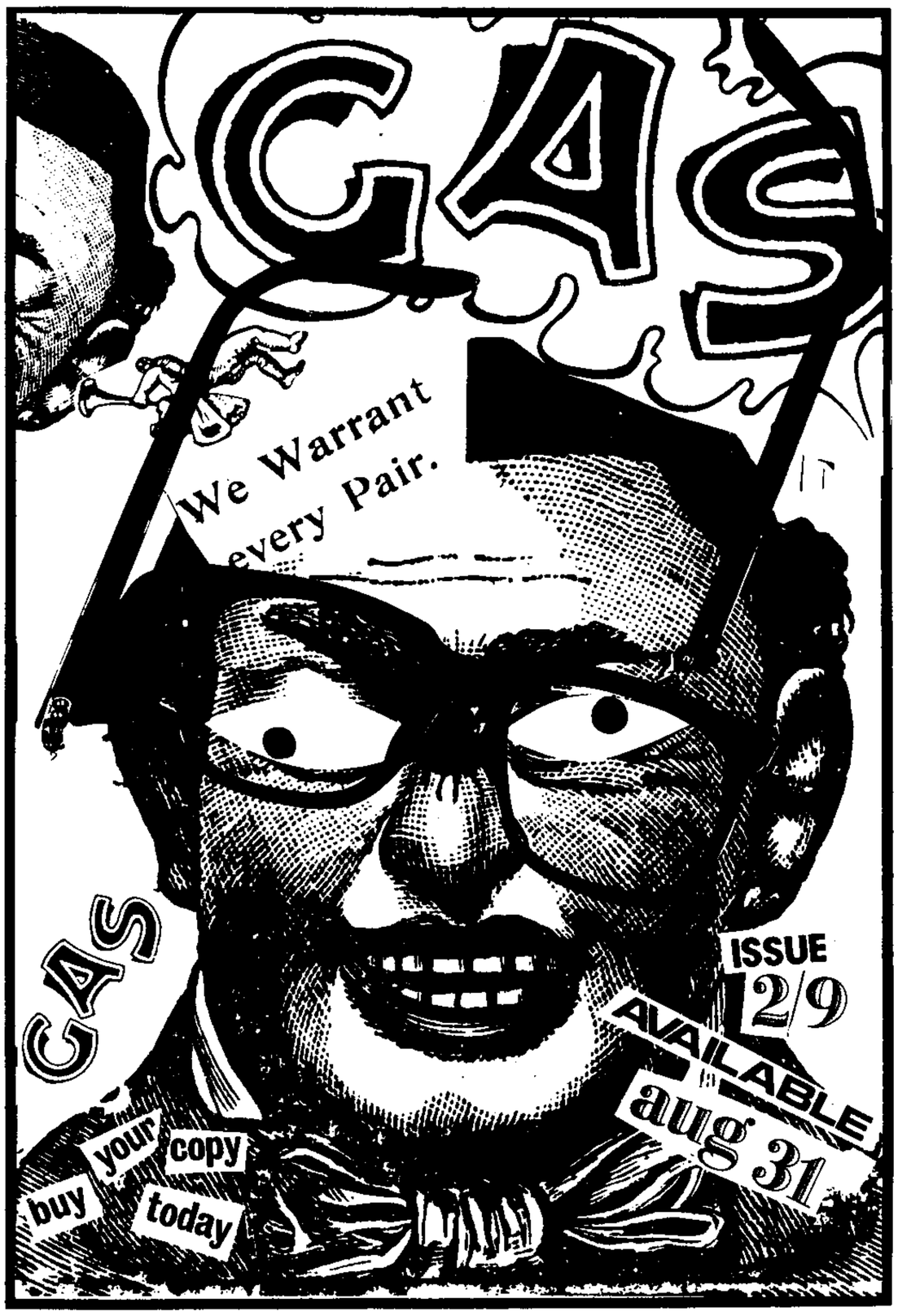

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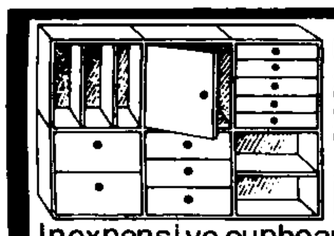

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